Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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HOW COLONEL MILLER STORMED THE BATTERY.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

I.

"SAY, can you storm that battery, my gallant Colonel Miller?"—
Thus spake out brief "Old Brown," our chief, the campaign's prop and pillar.
Our valiant Scott, with two steeds shot, twice wounded, led the battle;
But loss or gain at "Lundy's Lane" hung on that battery's rattle.

II.

Day's light was done. The sinking sun beheld Columbia's yeomen,
Four thousand strong, to right her wrong, assail five thousand foemen;
Niagara's spray, in sunset's ray, showed Victory's rainbow token;
With both wings cleft, on right and left, the Briton's line was broken.

III.

But still his solid center stood, behind nine blazing cannon,
That lit the night, from that stern height, far as our vision ran on:
His re-enforcements, pouring in, to "double quick" were summoned;
Riall was ours, but mightier powers were rushing on with Drummond.

IV.

"Say, can you storm that battery, before fresh foes, arriving,
O'erwhelm our host, and all be lost, despite our glorious striving?"
No words could name the patriot flame that flashed from Miller's eye,
But this brief word was all we heard: "My loyal chief, I'LL TRY!"

V.

Then up that height, by the moon's dim light, with steady tramp and solemn,
Through grape and shell, a sulphurous hell, on swept that hero column!
Above Niagara's sullen roar the crash of cannon thundered—
On, on they go! while e'en the foe admiring gazed, and wondered.

VI.

Like an ocean wave that cohort brave o'er the blazing battery plunges,
And a red surf runs 'round the smoking guns, from the bayonet's awful lunges!
Till the shattered foe was hurled below, though thrice to the charge returning,
And the stripes and stars flung out their bars, 'neath the stars of the midnight burning.

VII.

'Twas Monday night, July twenty-fifth, in the year eighteen-fourteen,
That manly word and manly deed lit up war's stormy scene;
But over the sea, and around the world, has rung that stout reply,
A watchword grand from our own loved land: James Miller's brave "I'LL TRY."

VIII.

And while Niagara's cataract pours, and sings Columbia's glory,
And "Lundy's Lane" is told again, this tale shall live in story,
How Miller stormed the battery because he said "I'll try,"
And won his general's epaulets, and a name that cannot die!

IX.

Ho! struggling soul! when tempests roll, and foes and night surround thee,
When toils still grow with every blow, conspiring to confound thee,
One patient, sturdy, dauntless word shall bid the darkness fly;
Thy "Lundy's Lane" thou yet shalt gain, by the word, and *deed*, "I'LL TRY!"

X.

Let rage and woe like waves o'erflow all strength of thine to stem them,
One Arm of Love, outstretched above, is mighty to contemn them!
Trust thou the might of God and Right, and look for help on high;
Defy earth's evil, and rout the devil, with the magic word "ILL TRY!"

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER V.

"ON THE ROLLING DEEP."

REX slept soundly through the mid-watch. On being turned out again at four, he could at first scarcely keep his eyes open. He lashed his hammock in a mechanical sort of way, and carried it up to the "nettings," steadying himself as he did so, for the ship had a good deal of motion on her. The fresh morning air and a pot of coffee, however, soon restored him; and after a quick salt-water bath, he felt like himself again.

Nothing was in sight from the deck but the wide waste of waters and the sky. The stars were shining brightly. The wind was fresh, and there was considerable sea running. Fore and aft sails were set. The ship was still under steam and making about ten knots.

It was a glorious sight to Rex to watch the first faint signs of dawn in the east, the stars fade out in the morning twilight, and the golden disk of the sun emerge above the horizon. Many a time had he seen the sun rise over the hills in his native town, but never before from its ocean bed. The crew were busy, and he among the rest, washing down decks; the pumps in "the chains" were being worked vigorously; but the lad's eyes never allowed any thing to escape him that was worth seeing.

The wind hauled to the westward, and the order was given to "make all sail to royals." Rex skipped to his station, and was among the first to obey the word, "Aloft, sail-loosers!" He had been up in the mizzen-top, and had had his duty in furling and loosing sail explained to him. He was assigned to the top-gallant yard. Scarcely had he climbed to the cross-trees when the order came, "Lay out! Loose!" He hesitated for a moment, and let one of the men go before him that he might see how to do it. His heart beat high with excitement as he followed, and felt his feet on the foot-ropes, and worked his way out on the yard. It seemed simple enough, after he got there, to cast off the gaskets, and await the order, "Let fall! Lay in! Lay down from aloft!" He gave a quick glance upward at Reddy, whose light build had led to his selection as a royal-yardman; but Reddy did not see him. As he came down to the top, the top-sails were being sheeted home and hoisted. He lingered, watching every thing that he could see. When he reached the deck the light sails were also sheeted home and hoisted. The white canvas covered the ship alow and aloft—all but the mainsail and spanker, the former not being bent while the ship was under steam. Rex walked forward to see the sails "belly" with the wind.

"She looks han'sum with all her dimity on—that's a fact!" said Reddy, who had joined him.

Rex made a discovery that day that pleased him. He came across the "rough log" of the ship. It was lying on the arm-chest, on the port side of the "half deck" (as the part of the gun-deck abaft the mainmast is called). He had noticed the officers inspecting it while smoking, so, when no one was near, he went to it and looked it over. It seemed to

be made of the leaves of a regular log-book, only stitched together, and with a canvas cover. The entries were made in pencil. They were copied, he learned afterward, by the school-master, into the "smooth log," a bound book, and each entry was verified by the watch officers and signed by them and the navigator.

He was astonished at the amount and value of the information which this log contained. There were two large folio pages for each day, headed by the name of the ship and commanding officer, and the date. On the left-hand page were blanks, ruled and headed, for a record of every hour—the number of knots run, the course steered, the direction and force of the wind, the readings of the barometer and thermometer, the state of the weather, clouds and sea, and a minute of the sail the ship was under at the end of each watch. Also, there was a table, with blanks to be filled in, showing the distance run by log since the preceding noon, latitude and longitude by "dead reckoning" and observation, force and direction of current, compass variations, gallons of water distilled, expended, and remaining on hand, and tons of coal consumed and remaining on hand.

He managed every day to get a look at the "rough log." From the school-master he succeeded in getting the latitude and longitude daily, and the "ship's run." He kept these in a little note-book. The school-master advised him to get a "track-chart" when they reached Gibraltar, and mark the course and position of the ship each hour when at sea.

The wind worked round to the north-west on the third day and blew a gale. The ship seemed fairly to fly before it. Orders were given to "haul fires" except under one boiler, and uncouple the propeller. The "log" showed 272 knots for the twenty-four hours' run.

Squally weather followed, with overcast sky and a rough sea. Quite a number of the crew were disabled, more or less, by sea-sickness. They kept about, most of them, and performed their duties, but were wretched, and glad to stow themselves away anywhere when they could. The ship rolled deeply. Every thing not lashed or secured "carried away." Rex began to think, when the light sails were taken in and the fore and main top-sails were close reefed, and preventer braces were got up to support the strain on the yards, that they were "in for a heavy blow," but the gale gradually moderated, and after a few hours the reefs were shaken out and the jib and main try-sail set.

Rex used to watch with a great deal of curiosity what Reddy called "the police court." Nearly every morning at 11 o'clock men whose names had been put on the report book for various offenses were brought to "the mast," their cases investigated by the commanding officer, and punishments awarded—sometimes "solitary confinement on bread and water" for a limited period; sometimes "stopping monthly money;" or, "extra duties." Among the common offenses were skulking, neglect of duty, fighting, and disobedience of orders. Rex used to watch the faces of the men while being investigated. He would hover around "the brig," and wonder how the prisoners felt in their confined quarters. And he used to resolve that if *he* were ever brought to the mast it should be for ignorance, not for neglect.

He picked up a good deal of information as the days went on. He began to understand what sails would "draw" when the wind was at a given point; how the yards should be braced when the ship was "by the wind," and when the wind was "free;" what the danger was in being "struck aback." He learned what to do in "tacking ship;" what was meant by the ship being "in irons;" what sails to furl or set when the ship carried "a weather helm." He liked to watch the navigator and his assistants "take the sun;" and loitered as near the half deck as he dared to see the clock put forward daily as the ship ran to the eastward.

A school for the apprentices was held nearly every afternoon on the gun-deck; but Rex had gone far beyond the prescribed course, and, after being examined, was excused from further attendance. He was given to understand, however, that he must devote all his leisure to "professional studies." A "Young Seaman's Manual" and a "Gunnery Catechism" were loaned to him from the ship's library. Nothing could have pleased him better. They were just the books he wanted. But where to keep them was his great perplexity. He might carry the "Gunnery Catechism" about with him in the pocket of his blue shirt, but to do that would compel him to part with his "Testament and Psalms" which he carried there. The way opened, however. The ship's writer, Sanborn, whose expertness with the pen in making out a "Watch, Quarter, and Station Bill" had excited Rex's frank admiration, offered to keep them for him in his desk, and let him have them when he wanted them.

Something very amusing occurred one day—nothing less than an auction! Some of the crew had "run," before leaving New York, and had been declared deserters. Their effects were disposed of, piece by piece, the paymaster's yeoman playing auctioneer. The bidding was quite lively, and the remarks and comments made were so odd and "pat" that Rex enjoyed the first hearty laugh he had known for many a day. He learned that the collection of articles known as "the lucky bag"—things left about the decks and taken possession of by the master-at-arms—were disposed of in the same manner.

They had been nearly a week at sea when the lookout from aloft reported a wreck. The captain ordered the ship's course to be changed so as to run down to it. All the crew were on the alert, and the port rail was lined with men straining their eyes to make it out. It was a sad sight—a ship or a bark evidently—masts broken off, head booms gone, rigging and rail trailing in the water, no boats, no signs of life, the hull water-logged, rolling deeply and showing the deck at every roll, the sea making a breach over her bows, tossed about, the sport of wind and waves. Even her name had vanished. There was too much sea running to lower a boat unless the case were urgent, or to "cast loose" the battery, and sink this dangerous prowler of the seas; and the ship was again put on her course.

Rex heard that it was a perilous thing to let such a hulk drift about. Ships under way on dark nights might strike it and receive damage. Oftentimes shoals had been suspected and marked on charts when the shock which caused the report was really due to vessels hitting one of these floating wrecks. The event started a good deal of talk among the men. Rex listened that night to many a "yarn" of ships cast away, of awful exposures and suffering, and of seemingly miraculous deliverances. He was amazed to learn that over two thousand vessels had been reported lost the year before—foundering in mid-ocean, or dashed in pieces on iceberg, or shoal, or ledge. It gave a new and somewhat somber aspect to the life which he had chosen.

The next day the sea was smooth, and the wind so light that the ship had scarcely "steerage way." The opportunity was improved for "target practice" with small arms, the Gatling gun, and the formidable Hotchkiss revolving cannon.

A target was rigged of white cloth—four triangular sections fastened to a staff in the center, a black bull's-eye painted on them, and the whole mounted on beef-barrels lashed together. This was lowered overboard, and towed by one of the boats to a distance of a thousand yards from the ship. Then the Gatling gun was hoisted into the top, and fire opened upon it. Meantime a soap-box was dropped over the quarter, and made fast at a distance of two hundred yards for a target, for the marines first, and then for other divisions of the ship's company. Rex watched all these preparations with the keenest interest. When the Gatling got the range of the target, and began to pepper it with a perfect stream of swift and rattling bullets, his excitement was such that he climbed upon the hammock nettings, and could hardly keep from hurrahing. So hearty and genuine were his feelings that the officer of the deck could not refrain from smiling, even while he ordered him to "lay down off the rail." He determined to know all about that gun at his earliest opportunity.

But he almost forgot the Gatling when the Hotchkiss was turned toward the target. There were four of these on the ship, mounted, outside the rail, on platforms, on each bow and quarter. Resembling the Gatling in its construction—only with barrels of larger caliber (37 millimeter)—and firing one-pound shells instead of bullets, its long range, rapidity, and deadly precision were a surpassing wonder to the lad. He hurried away to find an "ordnance sharp" in the person of a gunner's mate whom he knew; but he was down in the magazine, and Rex was not allowed to go there. He returned and watched the shells explode, with a white puff of smoke, around the target, and a far-off dull concussion—his mind, meantime, full of questions and no one near to whom he liked to put them.

Later on in the afternoon, when the target practice was over, he was pacing up and down the gangway with Andersen, talking animatedly about the firing, and "picking up a good many points," when the ship's bell was rung violently, and instantly the ship was in commotion. Every body jumped and ran. Andersen left him without saying a word. The drum beat to quarters. The bugle was sounded. There was the greatest excitement. Some one shouted, "Fire—on the forward part of the berth-deck!" The marines came running up with their guns, and took their stations, one at each "boat's falls." A rush was made for gratings and tarpaulins to cover the hatchways. Officers in side-arms hurried about. Rex looked for smoke, but could not see any. He felt confused, alarmed. But when he saw the executive officer push aside the tarpaulin, and come up on deck and take out his watch, as he was wont to do when he "timed" an exercise, it dawned upon him that this was "fire quarters." Not knowing where his station was, he got below as soon as he could. There he found several lines of hose led out and coupled. Men with "Babcock extinguishers" strapped to their backs were hurrying to the scene of the supposed fire. In a few moments all was still. Then the captain and executive officer passed through the ship to see that every one was at his station and understood his duties. Rex found out where his was (at his gun), and went to it. The inspection over, the order "Secure!" was given. The hose was uncoupled and reeled, the tarpaulins folded and put away in bags, the gratings stowed in their racks against the side, the usual reports were made by officers of the divisions, and the "retreat" was sounded.

"They had fire quarters one night on board the *Lancaster* in the South Atlantic," Andersen told Rex, "when some of the crew really believed the ship *was* on fire. The sick men fled from the bay, all who could move, and went up on deck. There was an old quartermaster who had had his leg broken by being caught in the coil of the mizzen-top-sail brace when they were swinging the yards in tacking ship. He got out of his cot, and dragged himself to the door of the sick bay."

"Poor fellow!" said Rex, sympathetically.

"Yes," said Andersen, "his leg never seemed to heal after that, and we had to send him home."

Rex tried a bold thing for him that night. He was "standing" the mid-watch (12 P.M. to 4 A.M.), and the officer of the deck happened to be the officer of his own division—an officer favorably known in the service for the breadth of his reading and the accuracy of his knowledge upon almost every subject. The night was still. The ship was scarcely moving through the water. The officer had come aft and was standing on the steps of the weather "horse-block." Rex's mind was busy with the guns. He longed to question the officer about them, but had the sense to know that an officer standing watch under ordinary circumstances would repel any inquiry of the kind as being out of season. He waited a long while, and then nerved himself to make the trial. Walking up to the officer, he saluted him and said, very respectfully,

"May I ask you a question, sir?"

"Yes," said the officer, but rather doubtfully; "what is it?"

"I heard some of the men say to-day, sir, that the Hotchkiss gun was more effective than one of our great eight-inch rifles. I couldn't understand how that could be, sir. You told us that our great guns would send a 180-pound projectile through seven inches of iron plating at a distance of a thousand yards; and I cannot see how a one-pound projectile can be as destructive as a 180-pound one."

"This is not the time to explain such a matter as that," the officer replied, rather sharply.

Rex begged his pardon, and turned to leave. The officer detained him, however.

"As you seem to be thinking about this subject, I will give you a hint. In the first place, it takes at least a minute to load and fire one of our heavy guns; the Hotchkiss can be fired thirty times in a minute. It is difficult to hit the mark with the heavy gun; with the Hotchkiss every shell can be aimed with the precision of a rifle. You can put thirty shell just where you wish to put them in an enemy's ship while you are firing one heavy projectile which may miss the mark. Do you understand now why so much is claimed for rapid-firing guns?"

Rex told him he did, and thanked him warmly for his information. He walked aft and looked at the after pivot and the Hotchkiss—the one, black, massive, weighing over 17,000 pounds; the other, short, light, five-barreled, not weighing more then 450 pounds. He mentally determined that he would make ordnance a special study.

The next day was Saturday—the "field day"—devoted to scrubbing the decks and paint-work, and getting the ship in order for Sunday. The "port watch" "slept in" until seven o'clock, and Rex was too deep in slumber to hear the holy-stones going on the deck above him. Six bells were struck, and the boatswain's mates passed the order, "Up, all hammocks!" Rex then remembered what day it was. There were no "quarters" or drills on Saturday morning; all hands were kept busy scrubbing and washing, and it was after ten o'clock before the decks were dried down with the squill-gees.

In the afternoon bags were piped up and inspected, and the crew were allowed to overhaul and mend their clothing. Rex was dismayed to find that certain things of his were missing—his best neckerchief and pair of shoes, and a cake of soap. He looked all around with a bewildered air. Trained to strictest honesty himself, he disliked to suspect dishonesty in others. He spoke to Reddy, who was braiding a knife lanyard near by. The latter came to him.

"Was your neckerchief marked?" he asked.

"No," said Rex; "I didn't know you could mark it."

"Of course you can—right in the middle. Rub some white paint on to yer stencil; 'twont come out."

"But it's gone!"

"It's a beastly shame! No use lookin' for it if it wa'n't marked. You'll have to draw another of the paymaster."

"Do you mean to say that there are thieves on board this ship!" asked Rex, indignantly.

"Well, there are purty nearly all sorts o' rogues, and more thieves, I reckon, than any thing else. There are men here who have been five years in the jug. Better keep yer eye peeled. Fellers here will take all they can lay their hands on ter, if it aint a red-hot stove."

"But what shall I do for shoes and neckerchief to-morrow? It's inspection, you know;" and Rex looked very much worried.

"Tell yer division officer. He'll fix it," said Reddy.

Rex did tell the officer of his division, and the latter did "fix it" for him to draw the necessary articles; but the lad felt uncomfortable. His bright afternoon was spoiled. Not that he cared for the value of the things which had disappeared, but he hated to feel that he was surrounded by those who were so lost to honor, so mean as to steal. Afterward he learned that petty larceny was one of the commonest vices of ship life, and the cause of innumerable quarrels and a vast deal of suspicion.

[*To be continued.*]

ALL ABOUT THAT HORSE.

BY A JERSEYMAN.

YEARS ago it was my happy lot to spend seven days in the valley of the Yosemite. Charming days they were, and right sorry was I when they had passed away like a bright dream. Many times I had wandered up and down the valley, clambering up the rocks, gazing into Mirror Lake, listening to the music of the Nevada Falls, and watching the stream of the Yosemite as it fell in a matchless sheet of foam into the valley nearly half a mile below. Who can describe that valley, with its granite walls, its rocky domes and pinnacles, grander far than any work of man, though it be the pyramids of Egypt or St. Peter's at Rome?

The last morning of my stay had come. The guide brought me a horse to mount, and said:

"It is not necessary for me to go with you. You cannot miss the path to the mountain-top, and there you will find the stage. It leaves at nine o'clock, and you had better hurry."

This last remark seemed curious and strange. I had but nine miles to go, and there were three hours in which to do it. In high good humor, for I had just had a hearty breakfast, I mounted the fiery-footed charger and kindly said, "Get up!" He stood absorbed in reverie. "Get up," I repeated, with emphasis, but to my surprise the gallant horse stood as motionless as a statue of bronze. I was no horseman, and was therefore at a loss to know what was the matter. Possibly the beast was deaf. "Kick him," was the exhortation of the grinning waiter, who had come to the front door to see me off. I acted on the kindly hint, the horse groaned like a rheumatic steam-engine, and then moved along in the slowest kind of a walk.

I am always nervous on the back of a horse, though always happy in a storm at sea, and doubly nervous on this occasion, for it had been told me that the California horses were as swift as the wind and almost as hard to guide. Never was a greater falsehood breathed in a young man's ear since the world began. Soon my fears melted like the morning dew when the sun is up, for the assurance came stealing into my soul like a strain of sweet music that I had naught to fear, for I was mounted on the back of a beast which would not, could not, run away.

Little does mortal man know what awaits him, and he is wise indeed who will not try to read the book of fate. The sky was bright that summer morning, the air was calm, the birds were singing on joyful wing, and the stream was making gentle music as it flowed over the pebbly floor of its channel. But, alas! the horse was wheezing! Thus in every cup of pleasure there is a least one drop of bitterness, and in the purest gold some speck of baser metal—the horse was wheezing!

O, such a horse as mine was!—a skeleton covered with hair that was neither black nor white, but just between the two—a skeleton on which were stuck a head and a tail by way of ornament, and with four legs which were moved by a mysterious kind of clock-work within the body! His eye had a weak and watery expression, like the well-trained eye of an undertaker on duty. He was a horse that must have seen better days, for he never could have seen worse ones. Some great trouble seemed to weigh upon his mind. What that trouble was he did not say, but bore it in meek silence. What gave me most concern was this, he had a strange weakness in his hind legs, and showed a startling disposition to sit down on his haunches like a dog. To do him justice, he was sure-footed in dangerous places, for he had no desire to break his neck or mine. Life is sweet even to the wretched!

My horse was used up. A century ago he might have been fiery-footed, but now life to him was in the yellow leaf. He had become one of those dear, patient old creatures that is willing to let the grass grow under his feet, and is too lazy to move a step or two and nibble the grass after it has grown. He was tired out, broken down, a groaning wreck, an appalling ruin. Still there dwelt within him a tender, sympathetic heart, for he was sure to stop at the slightest cry of "Wo-o!"

Every man has his peculiar torment, and mine on that June morning was a California horse. To catch that stage was the object of my ambition; but how to catch it when I was not alone but had a horse, that was the mighty problem. Two steps up the steepest mountain I ever saw, and then the horse would stop to breathe; two steps more, and he would stop again, and his panting sides would heave in and out like a blacksmith's bellows. I was afraid that he would die on my hands, and then in my desperation I hoped he would. It was nine o'clock, and the stage was to start at that hour, yet I was still a mile away. I dared not leave the dreadful horse to perish on the road-side, for I had rashly promised to deliver him up in *good condition;* so I dismounted, took hold of the bridle, and jerked him along that steep and dusty road for a full mile. At first it seemed as though the hind legs of this dreadful beast would not follow his fore ones, and as though head and tail would part company. Perseverance triumphed, and when the summit was gained Napoleon himself, on the crest of the mighty Alps, was not more proud and happy than I.

Before me rose, in solitary grandeur, a stable, and beside it stood the stage.

"I thought you left at nine o'clock," I remarked to the driver, who seemed in no hurry to be off.

"We say nine o'clock," he replied, "but we always wait an hour for slow travelers."

He knew the horse, and was wise to wait, but had I only known that I had an hour to spare! How often in life we worry when, did we know the future, we should find there is no cause for anxiety! We fear the stage will leave us when it is sure to wait.

Years have passed since then, but as I pen these words, with the morning light around me, I shudder, for there rises now before me a dismal vision—the vision of that California horse.

THE FISHING-CRUISE OF ERIC.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

THERE it was, the sea!

It might look cold as a bar of polished steel, and it might be bordered by ugly, rocky shores, and across it the storm-clouds might trail their misty robes, but it was the sea that Eric, the young Lapp, was watching, the glorious old sea where the winds chased the billows, and set in a flutter all the plumage of sea-gull and eider-duck, and sent the fisher-boats flying as if other gulls and other ducks from fiord to fiord and headland to headland.

"Ha-ha-ha!" cried Eric, and he now clapped his hands. "Coming!" he shouted. "Coming! Grandmother, she is coming!"

Could he see any object on that distant strip of fiord that caught the light of the moon and sent it back in a million flashes as if from a vast school of silver fish splashing in the water? It was night, the latter part of Lapland's long winter-night, and Eric saw nothing in the moonlight save the fiord, the moon itself, and a dark mountain-range over whose shoulder now beamed the great luminary of the night. This position of the moon, though, had been agreed upon as a sign that just then Uncle Josefsen would start in his boat and bring it to the cove near Eric's home. The boat needed repairs, but when they had been made Eric expected to start for the Lofoden fishing-grounds.

"They are going to tell us when the fish have come," thought Eric, "and then, soon as I can, off I go."

Down he rushed from his lookout. It is true that this lookout was only the top of a Laplander's hut. It was in brief a rough, ragged box of wood with a roof of earth, but

there was a splendid old grandmother inside. A jewel, we know, may have some dirt on the outside.

"Boat is coming, grandmother!" shouted Eric. "The moon is just over the mountain, and that is a sign that Uncle Josefsen will start to bring it."

Grandmother Brita looked up from her work, and a very savory work it was, to prepare for Eric's dinner a broth of reindeer meat. There it was, steaming over the fire on the hearth in the center of the room. A light warm and pleasant at any time, especially agreeable was this glow of this Lapland hearth in winter, when the great dark had settled on all the land, when up through the tapestry of the night along the walls of the sky there shot the magnificent Northern Lights rending it as by fire—but O, so cold!—and when the snow covered with alabaster hill and valley, river and brook, the sunny shore and the green meadow.

"Wont you have some dinner before you go, Eric?" asked Grandmother Brita. "There's life in this broth. I bought a good bit of reindeer only yesterday of Andersen on purpose for you."

"Old Andersen!" said Eric, with a sneer. "I don't like that man. He pretends to be so religious. He prays and makes a great fuss about it, and wont do any thing himself. They say when he tumbled into a hole in the big glacier he just mewed like a cat in trouble, and then said his prayers and didn't do any thing to get out. 'Twas old Henrik came along, they say, that got down into the hole—the very hole, mind you—and just boosted the booby out. I'd be ashamed of myself to stay there and bawl when I could get out myself."

"Well," said grandmother, who was as spunky as Eric, but in a different fashion, "if I did any bawling, I'd bawl to myself. As for the praying, I believe we must work also. That's what the apostle tells us in the Bible."

Here Eric gave another scowl. This indeed was the fifth scowl into which he had twisted his eye-brows. The Bible!

"What do folks want to keep reading that for?" he said, but to himself, notice. He knew it would not be prudent to make such a remark in grandmother's hearing.

He gave a sixth scowl, and said, "Guess I can take care of myself without this praying and Bible-reading."

As he spoke—but to himself, remember—he straightened up his form, strong and muscular, for he was an able-bodied young man of eighteen, and quietly chuckled over the fact that he was stout and sinewy. Had he ever tried to cross the big glacier and yet not crossed it? Did he ever start to swim the fiord and shout for help when half-way over? Were there high, dizzy nests of sea-birds in the shore-cliffs, which once trying to reach he had been forced to give up to the birds themselves and the winds as the only powers that could reach the nests?

"Guess I can take care of myself!" was his proud reflection. He then began to talk aloud:

"Grandmother, say! If I succeed in my fishing-trips this summer, I am going to do a lot for you. Can't do it all at once, you know, but I mean that my success will give me a start. I shall stand a good chance for next season's fishing. And who can say? We will have a new house, sometime, and this season I mean you shall have a new dress, and—and—"

"O Eric, you are real good, but don't worry about those things. The old house is as good as our neighbors', and if I can't have a new dress I will make the old one do. As for a new house, I guess this will do for your grandmother until they take her poor old body up to the church-yard."

The church! How vividly the word suggested that little God's house where the living would cluster for Sunday worship, and around which, in the shadow of the black crosses, slept, not the souls, but the bodies, of the dead!

"Well, grandmother, we wont talk about that, you and I. As for that matter, I hope you are going to live many years. But, say, grandmother, when I come back after a successful season, I hope you wont insist on my going to church with you?"

Grandmother looked up with a disappointed air.

Church? The house of God? Was not that the place to which her soul gladly fled like a bird to its nest in the high rocks for refuge? And when any joy came to her, did she not fly there in her thoughts, long before her body went, just to tell God she was thankful?

"Well, Eric, if you insist on it," she replied, in a sorrowful tone—"if you insist on it, I wont ask you."

"O don't look so glum, grandmother!" cried Eric, lifting in his arms the little woman with her funny red cap, and then kissing her. "Just let me get my boat and have a chance at the fish in the fiord! We will see what will happen then. Now I'll take a mouthful of broth and be off, for the boat must be down at the cove soon, and I want to be on hand."

The boat arrived, was repaired, and news came one day that the fish had also arrived! Yes, it was the vanguard of that great cod-army annually invading the waters off Norway's rugged coast. Sharp eyes had seen them, and nimble hands had caught several of the lusty skirmishers.

"Come and see me off, grandmother!" cried Eric, one day.

Grandmother Brita came down to the shore of the fiord to witness the departure. Snow was still on hill-slope and in valley, but the sun had thrust his rosy head above the rim of the sea, and the glow of his presence lengthened steadily each day as he climbed higher and higher. He was shining when Eric's boat started.

"Good-bye, grandmother! Good-bye, Uncle Josefsen!" shouted Eric. "And what was it Uncle Josefsen shouted?" he asked, after they had left the shore.

"Something about catching so many fish every day, and he will give you the boat!" replied one of Eric's companions, for three young Lapps accompanied him.

"What!" cried Eric. "He did say it? Well, I will find out what number of fish he gave as my measure. May have a boat!"

The very thought startled Eric as if he were the boat and the wind had given its sail a fresh stroke.

"Ha-ha-ha!" he shouted. "Ha-ha-ha!" and the foam around the prow of his boat seemed to laugh also. Artistic was the dress of his crew, a white frock edged with blue, a blue cap bordered with red, while Eric's frock was gray and the border was scarlet. The Sea Lapp, as the dweller by the cool, blue fiord is called, makes a picture when he starts on his fishing trips, though I can imagine that the coloring may not be so bright by the time he returns home.

Good luck went out with Eric when his boat put forth in the morning with the fleet of fishing-boats leaving the fishing station, and good luck came back with him when he returned to the rough but snug little barracks where he and his crew found a temporary home.

"That 'old Andersen!'" exclaimed Eric, one day. "He come to fish? If he isn't in the next house!"

The fishermen were quartered in different cabins, grouped in families of six to twelve. "Old Andersen" had, indeed, arrived, and was now one of Eric's nearest neighbors.

"I hate that man's religion," declared Eric.

Not the religion that Andersen professed did Eric hate, but Andersen's profession of it. His religion was only a veneer. Under his prayers was a selfish, insincere, covetous nature.

"I would be ashamed of myself if I wasn't more honest than that man," thought Eric, and in the consciousness of his superior rectitude, how straight was his bearing! So strong! Ah! One day he said, "How weak!"

The fishing season was now closing up. The boats that had come from all parts of the coast, and had made their head-quarters at that station, were flying home one by one, because the cod had fled also.

"That my Uncle Josefsen coming?" said Eric, one day, to Johannes, who belonged to the crew of his fishing-boat.

"That is Josefsen," replied Johannes. "You remember the promise he made you?"

"That I might have the boat if I would catch so many fish? Yes, I remember, and we have had our last catch. See

how the account stands, and I will tell Uncle Josefsen in the morning."

Uncle Josefsen was welcomed, and was also told that in the morning he should have the total catch. Before the fishermen turned into their bunks, Johannes reported to Eric,

"We want twenty fish more that you may get the boat."

Only twenty more! Why had they not come, those needed twenty cod, advancing in their sleek uniform and yielding themselves in a willing surrender to Eric's nets!

Only twenty! That evening he was walking in the moonlight among the "hjarlds," or frames, on which the cod are suspended in pairs, united by their tails, and drying there in the winds blowing cool from mountain and fiord.

"I suppose these are Andersen's," thought Eric, as he halted at a heavily burdened frame. "Only twenty," he carelessly said to himself.

Just then a black temptation came into his soul, and O, how strong it was! Its strength surprised Eric; this young man whose rectitude was like a mighty tower of rock by the sea.

"Take twenty!" whispered an evil voice. "He will never miss them."

Eric stooped down to the fish and began to count, "One, two, three, four, five."

He had counted twenty, and was saying to himself, "Andersen will never miss them, and I can then have the boat," when a rough voice startled him:

"Here, here, do you know whose fish you are stealing?"

Alarmed, Eric looked up and there was the sly, covetous, sneering face of Andersen!

"I have not stolen your fish," said Eric.

"Two minutes more and you couldn't have said it."

"Prove it!" was Eric's challenge.

"If I had kept away a few minutes, I guess that empty rail would have been proof," growled Andersen.

Eric went to his cabin-bunk a mortified man. So chagrined, so humbled! Yes, in a few minutes more, he probably could have been proved a thief!

"And to think Andersen should have detected me, the man I think myself superior to," thought Eric. "And I have lost my boat, too!"

No; the boat Uncle Josefsen generously said should be Eric's.

"Twenty is near enough, young man," said the uncle. "The boat is yours. Now enjoy it all you wish."

Well, Eric did enjoy this new sense of ownership. A boat, a whole boat, Eric's boat! He would have been so happy if he had not found out that he was so weak. However, he felt better by the time he was nearing the shore that his humble home-roof overlooked.

"Grandmother shall have a new house soon," he said, proudly. "And there she is, down by the shore waiting for us!"

What a proud hour for Eric it was!

"Here I am, grandmother!" he shouted, as the fishing-boat proudly tossing aside the foam that rose up to oppose it, now dashed through the shore-waters and pushed its prow half its length up the white sands. And grandmother, the patient, loving old soul! she wept silent tears of gratitude to God to see Eric home again.

"Grandmother, I want you to see me sail my new boat," cried Eric. "I will just run off here half an hour and turn about and come back. Can you stay to watch me? O, can't you go with me? Come now!"

"I wish I could; but I am so busy, and to-morrow I want to go to church and—"

"Don't ask me to go," he said, pettishly.

"I wont," she said, with a sorrowful look.

"Well, let the old church go. Come and sail with me. Do that."

"I will another day, Eric, but I am so busy now."

"You would go if any of Andersen's boys should ask you."

"Why, Eric!"

"Well, I am going alone."

"I don't think I would," said an old Lapp, Abrahamsen, and a fisherman. "Since you came I think I see signs of a squall close at hand."

"Nonsense!" cried Eric. "We will see about that squall. I will push off now."

He sat alone in his boat, with a haughty bearing, guiding her in her course, controlling the swaying, swelling sail, proving his proud mastership. Why, though, he did not see the blast coming out of that cloud up the fiord, the voice of the thunder echoing in its roar, its feet swift to race, its hands strong to destroy? Abrahamsen saw it. Why was Eric so blind? He detected it when it was too late to avoid it.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "I'll manage you!"

He quickly brought his boat into storm-weather trim, but failed to notice how near his boat was to an ugly ledge that only a scanty fold of water covered. It seemed but a moment, and his boat dashed upon the rocks that broke through the sheathing, while the boastful master was flung into the icy water. There he was, poor now as the Eric that watched the moon bringing his Uncle Josefsen! Down below in the tossing, foaming waters was the struggling Lapp; above was the wild, black wind, roaring in triumph over its victim. Would any one see him and come to his help? Could he struggle until that help arrived? Keen eyes did see him, ready hands came to his rescue and fished him out of the water. Was it Abrahamsen? It was one of the hateful Andersen's family, his oldest boy. Eric did not care now who brought the welcomed aid. He sat dejected and listless in the boat, while another guided it. He covered his face with his hands to think how weak he had a second time been proved to be. What if he had taken his grandmother with him on this unfortunate trip. So boastful, foolish, feeble, helpless!

"Grandmother," he said, the next day, to her astonishment, "I will go to church with you."

And there, in the quaint little Lapp church, with its few touching symbols of faith in the chancel, and outside with that fringe of dark crosses above the sleeping dead, Eric, poor, weak, so unable to care for himself, bowed his head and his heart in prayer.

"Poor boy!" thought Grandmother Brita, turning her dear little eyes toward him. "He lost his boat, but he has saved his soul."

FROM COVENTRY TO KENILWORTH.

LATE one Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1880, my new bicycle was brought to the "King's Head" hotel in Coventry, and as I stood in the court-yard admiring the flashing beauty I doubt whether Queen Victoria herself could have persuaded me to exchange my saddle for her throne. It should be said, however, in justice to her majesty, that she made no such proposition.

After examining for the twentieth time ball-bearings, brake, pedals, and saddle-bag, my thoughts turned naturally to the subject of a ride, and I inquired of the hostler what was my best road for a short run that evening.

"I think, sir, the Kenil'orth pike's the best, sir; it's a good 'ard bit o' road, an' then there's the castle at the further end of it."

"Boots" and the head-waiter in the coffee-room agreed with the oracle from the stable, so while my supper was being cooked I ran up stairs, and put on my bicycle suit, that no time might be lost.

After a hurried meal, and with explicit directions from every one connected with the establishment, I started out under the archway of the court, and picked my way carefully down the main street.

The pavement was made of round cobble-stones, and great was my relief when I had left the busy town behind and found myself on the hard, smooth turnpike. Leaning over the handles, I "spurted" for half a mile, reveling in the delight of

motion. The road was as smooth as a floor, and I hardly felt the exertion which sent me spinning along at a high speed.

A steep hill soon gave me work to do, and as I rode more slowly I began to notice the country through which I was passing. The summer evenings in England are long, and at half past seven there was a softened daylight. When I reached the top of the first hill, a lovely scene lay before me. Just in front an avenue of arching trees lead, like a leafy tunnel, toward Kenilworth; on either side I could catch glimpses of stately houses and ample parks, while away in the distance little cottages dotted the farm lands; behind me was Coventry, less smoky than usual, as though it were cleansing itself like its busy workmen for the Sabbath rest. But Kenilworth was my goal, and after a short pause I coasted swiftly down the hill, and entered the shaded avenue. Half an hour's ride brought me to the old castle, which was a sore disappointment. "Did the great Earl of Leicester entertain Queen Bess in that old brick-kiln?" thought I, as I wandered about the inclosure, and gazed at the massive ruined walls. However grand Kenilworth may have been when the musical dolphin floated in its moat, as a ruin it is not a success, and my curiosity was soon satisfied. I remounted my bicycle, and started homeward at a rapid pace along the dusky road.

On the outward trip I had met few carriages and no bicycles. So when I saw a wheelman approaching in the distance I resolved to put on a little more speed, and fly by the Britisher like a true American. We neared each other rapidly, and he kept my side of the road. I supposed he would turn out for me, as I was riding on the right-hand side. But no, he kept straight on. I turned a little more to the right, and he veered in the same way. We were not ten yards apart. "This must be a mounted highwayman," flashed through my brain. I put on the brake, and turned to the left. My opponent turned to his right at the same moment. There was a clash, a tangle, and a double fall. We picked ourselves up and glared at each other. I was for renewing the war between England and America on my own responsibility, and he looked as though he had met an escaped lunatic.

"What do you mean by running me down?" I exclaimed.

"I didn't run you down, you ran me down. Don't you know enough to turn out?"

"I did turn out, but you kept turning to meet me."

"Where do you come from, any way?"

"The United States."

"O, I see; you don't know that we turn to the left here in England. No harm done, I hope. You see how it happened. My wheel's all right, how's yours?"

We found no serious damage had been done, for we were running slowly when the collision occurred, and after a short chat we took our several ways.

Though disappointed in Kenilworth, I felt that the ride had been profitable, and I never forgot how I learned that—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
For if you go right you go wrong, but if you go left you go right."

THE MONUMENT TO GRANT.

BY E. S. NADAL.

I SEE that a London newspaper favors the suggestion made in some quarter, that the million dollars which it is now intended to devote to a monument to General Grant should be spent in building a hospital or in founding some other kind of charity. I have seen this opinion applauded by certain American newspapers. It seems to me that the answer for the country to make to those who are of this way of thinking should be in the words, "The poor ye have always with you." That is to say, if much is due to practical benevolence, some little is due to the sentiment of love of country.

I mean nothing ill-natured when I call attention to the fact that this is the view of an English writer, and when I say that the writer is, of course, able to regard the patriotic sentiments of other people with much more calmness than he would be able to regard his own. The English practice has been very unlike this teaching. England is full of monuments to the national sentiment, and Englishmen are never tired of adding to them. Many of these monuments have little special worth or merit. They celebrate forgotten Dukes of York, and commemorate royal highnesses who never did any thing but die. The commemoration of the Prince Consort, for instance, whose monuments appear in every part of England, has, no doubt, been overdone. But the most of these structures, at any rate, serve to keep the people in mind of their country. Some of them, indeed, like the monument to Nelson in Trafalgar Square, have a noble reality. The same may be said of other familiar monuments throughout Europe, such as the Vendôme Column. They serve a good purpose. Men move hither and thither about the feet of these structures, bent upon errands of ambition, of domestic affection or sordid care, but all the while these symbols of country and history stand in the upper air, calling their minds to the contemplation of more permanent things.

America especially needs monuments of this kind. We need to be reminded of the idea of our country. Americans are very differently situated from the peoples of other countries. As compared with the peoples of other countries, they have but few dealings with their government. They have not, therefore, this means of being reminded of the country. They have, of course, an idea of their country, as much as Englishmen or Frenchmen have an idea of theirs. Every body knows what the United States means; but that idea is, perhaps, not so well defined as that of countries like France, which have antagonistic peoples pressing upon their confines. Our confines are vast oceans, with the exception of some provinces to the north of us and a people to the south of us who will, no doubt, some day coalesce with us. There is danger that one result of the vast size of the country, its perfect security and its inevitable mighty destiny, may be to cause the affections of its people to be lukewarm and their sense of it something vague. It really looks as if America would become in time a civilization rather than a country. Loyalty to any thing so vast might become something like loyalty to the universe. Hence we should be glad to find upon all sides memorials which will cause us to remember that we are the children of a mighty nation.

Then again we are such a practical and such an unsentimental people that we should gladly avail ourselves of every opportunity of education in what is ideal. How few objects are there in New York that appeal to any sentiment whatever but the passion for riches! How many tall structures there are, hotels, offices, apartment houses, manufactories, elevators, and the like, which are monuments to the spirit of gain. It would be well to have other objects in view which should appeal to other thoughts.

The structure proposed to be erected upon the site of Grant's burial-place affords an unusual opportunity to build a monument to the sentiment of the country. It is an opportunity the like of which we shall not soon have again. So far as we can see into the future, it seems pretty certain that ours is to be one of those happy countries which have but little history. We shall be in no danger from external foes. Nor is it at all likely that there will ever again be war between the States. The real work of governing being done by the individual States, the burden of the central authority is scarcely felt. We have a country to love and a government to honor, and we should be fools indeed not to keep these good things when their retention costs us nothing. Statesmen and soldiers, therefore, will not be able in the future to perform for us services such as may be rendered to countries in situation more precarious than ours. We should then make the most of Lincoln and Grant. But indeed scarcely any men have ever done for their countries what Lincoln and Grant have done for us. Other statesmen and soldiers have removed a tax or gained or retained or regained a province,

but the issue with which Lincoln and Grant had to do was whether we were to have a country or to have no country.

With regard to the sort of monument which is to be put up, no doubt most of us look forward to the result with some trepidation. Of course it is only to be said that those in charge of the work should do every thing in their power to make it a good one. It is to be hoped that they will enter upon their task with a full sense of their responsibility to the country and the world both now and in the future. It is to be hoped that they will not think that because the building of the monument is a matter of sentiment and taste they are not to consider it as earnestly and seriously as if it were some great work of public utility. It is to be hoped also that they will bring to their work intelligence, patience, and modesty—which last is not always a quality of those in charge of such undertakings—and that we shall have no cabals or vulgar quarrels. If the completed work is only commonplace, I do not see that we shall have much to be sorry for. The nature of the subject, our imaginations and those of our descendants, and time, that great bestower of dignity, will give it grandeur. Danger is to be anticipated from an ambitious attempt. And yet if the artist has it in him to do something really fine, what an opportunity is his! I should think the first thing the artist would have to do would be to penetrate himself with the spirit of patriotism and to take in as much knowledge of the country and its destinies as he can obtain. He ought, I should suppose, to diligently seek out the means of doing this. I may mention in this connection that ten years ago I went to the centennial celebration of the battle of Lexington, and saw the statue of "The Minute-man," erected on the spot at Concord where the New England farmers received the fire of the British troops. I had a feeling that the artist had been unfortunate in not being able to attend that celebration before completing his statue. The effect of the day was to make me see those rustic patriots standing, musket in hand, upon the chill grass as I should probably not have been able to do without the awakening incidents of the festival. The militia, the military music, the crowds of country people, people in their best clothes and with their babies, the eloquence of the orators and the odes of the poets, the queer things to eat, the pretty white cottages trimmed with flags and decorated with mottoes, many of them very quaint, in which the fireside moralist had expressed in some crude phrase his patriotic soul, and especially the sympathetic interest of the multitude, the sense that all these people were thinking of the same thing, their country and the heroic efforts of their fathers, produced a strong effect upon the mind of the looker-on.

But what sort of inspiration should the artist not seek who is to be intrusted with the designing and execution of the monument to Grant? What should he not wish to see and know?

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS AND MR. RUSKIN.

THE great English author and critic, John Ruskin, once traveled through northern Italy in the same compartment with two American girls. His story of the journey shows how severely his artistic sense was wounded. But he is not to take his traveling companions for true representatives of our girls. There are maidens from Vassar and Wellesley who could very likely quote to him his own words about the palaces of Venice, and use such a pure English accent that he would not know that they were sisters of the hated Americans. Mr. Ruskin says:

In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother, people of the class which has lately made so much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in every thing (since they had the means) which western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of its most progressive race—enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these children had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them; types, they could not but be, of maidenly wisdom and felicity, as conceived by the forwardest intellects of our time.

And they were traveling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of the young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta, Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine-leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Gordo to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess's chamber, this, if these are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream again.

But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled and writhed and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar, to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the ends of string that had once stitched them, or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog-ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a gluey leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it till every fiber was in a treacly pulp; then sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leather strings, for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds).

"Don't those snow-caps make you cool?"

"No—I wish they did."

And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain.

DYNAMITED.

BAD boys terrify dogs by attaching a lighted fire-cracker to the cur's tail. Here is a story of a dog who got himself into trouble at the other end, and with a more effective "agent," as O'Donovan Rossa would say. The "Christian Union" must answer for its truth.

A dog was blown to pieces lately at Pembrey, Carmarthenshire, under the following circumstances: Several scientists were making experiments of dynamite in a barn among the Welsh hills. The charge of dynamite, with a five minutes' fuse attached, was thrown into the water; and the power of the explosive was judged by the volume of water forced up by the concussion. While the operations were proceeding, a sportsman, accompanied by his dog, appeared on the scene; and as another dynamite charge was thrown into the lake, the animal instantly sprang into the water and seized the explosive, which it quickly brought ashore. The sportsman shouted to his dog to drop the substance, but the animal ran in the direction of its master and the experimentalists, who immediately fled, and the dog was only kept at bay by a continuous shower of stones. The charge ultimately exploded, and the poor animal was shattered to atoms, its master and friends narrowly escaping with their lives.

"THE MAN WHO LAUGHS."

GOETHE says that a man's character is indicated by what he finds amusing. Without going into principles so deeply, it is safe to say that one may know a gentleman by what he laughs at. Discomfiture of strangers, however amusing it may be, is never a subject of laughter to a gentleman. There is too little courtesy on American streets to-day. The following incident is an illustration and a lesson:

Perhaps it is no sure sign of well-bred courtesy to refrain from laughing at another's mortifying mishap if one *sees nothing funny in it;* but *we* should think the laugh, in such a case, a sign of ill-breeding:

An American gives us an instance of his experience in Syria. He was about to mount his mule amidst a crowd of Oriental visitors, and wished to give them an exaggerated idea of American agility. He jumped a little too far, and overshot the mark, coming down on the other side like a diver, with his hands and nose in the mud, his feet caught in the saddle, and his coat-skirts cleverly rolled over his head, to screen him from what he supposed was a laughing crowd. Yet not a soul smiled, not a sound was heard save a tender grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid. Now a Turk in America, with baggy breeches and turbaned head, taking a leap over a mule in the streets of an American city, and getting stuck upside down, with his proboscis in a rut and his heels in the saddle, would be saluted with something more than a grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid. We have more humor than dignity; the Turks more dignity than humor.

A MONEY CHANGER.

THE "Christian Union" describes the occupation of a New York merchant who holds the monopoly of a singular business:

An old-coin man visits the offices of the elevated railroad every few days to purchase the worn and plugged coin taken in at the stations, and refused at the banks, as well as the foreign coin. He also buys up the

mutilated silver, nickels, and coppers that are dropped by absent-minded passengers into the gate-boxes. There are many persons who, on getting their change at the window of the ticket office, will carefully put the tickets in their pockets, and will drop their change in the toll collector's box. Some ladies drop their pocket-books in, while they hold their tickets with great care. Inside of each box there is a cylinder full of teeth, and when a piece of coin gets into the receptacle below, it has two holes in it or is clipped at the edges. Every day the mass of mutilated tickets is overhauled in the main office before being sent into the waste, and these coin are sifted out. From five to fifty dollars a day have been picked out in this way. The money is so mutilated that it cannot be passed, and it is sold to the old-coin man for about seventy cents on the dollar.

This curious speculator sometimes carries away six or seven hundred dollars' worth of such coin. He calls himself a "money dresser," a business which he insists is just as legitimate as that of a "coffee polisher," or a dry-goods dresser. He beats out the twisted and bruised coin, cleans the soiled copper, brightens the foreign coin, and goes on his tour to dispose of his goods. The foreign money is sold to the stewards of foreign vessels, and the poor American coin is worked off at the cattle yards and sent out West. Much of it finds its way into the hands of the cowboys, who spend it as freely as though it were fresh from the mint. The "money dresser" searches his purchases very carefully, and occasionally finds an old coin that pays him several hundred per cent. profit when resold to collectors of rare coins.

"Do you make a living in this way?"

"Indeed I do, and a very nice living, too."

HARD TO SWALLOW.

THE Tennessean mentioned in this paragraph was prepared for strange things, but there was a limit to his credulity.

At the time of the building of the Cincinnati Central Railroad, the civil engineer found some difficulty in tunneling a mountain on the bank of the Cumberland River. The river is now spanned by a fine bridge leading to the tunnel, but there was then no sign of the structure.

One morning, a Tennessee "corn cracker" rowed across the river, and engaged in conversation with the engineer:

"You seem to be scatterin' dirt and gravel round here pretty peart?"

"Well, yes. We're getting through the hill quite lively."

"Who's payin' for all this fuss?"

"The city of Cincinnati."

"Well, it must cost a heap of money. What's it fur, anyhow?"

The engineer explained that he was engaged in building a tunnel, and, further, that it was cheaper to bore a hole through the mountain for the cars to run in than to level it or make a "cut" down the grade.

The native took it all in, and then queried,

"So the steam-kyars is goin' to come right through this tunnel away north?"

"Yes, that's just it."

"Well, Major, that's askin' too much for a man to believe," said the cracker, "that every time that ere iron horse of yourn jumps across the river he's goin' to strike this little hole right squar' an' fa'r. No, sir. I can't swaller it."

MUD PIES.

THE human stomach is, all things considered, as wonderful as that of the goat. Man digests mushrooms, snails, and birds'-nests, and considers them his most delicate morsels. Every child too makes his mud pies, and if now and then a child eats his own handiwork people say it is part of his "peck of dirt." A writer in "Science and Nature" tells of mud pies extraordinary and races which make clay an article of food.

How man came to have recourse to such food we do not know, but the same circumstances have led to like results in countries that are very remote from each other. "The practice of eating considerable quantities of clay," says the learned naturalist Guibourt, "as a necessary supplement to too insufficient a nourishment is almost universally diffused among the savage peoples of Africa, America, and Asia." The Ottomacs, a people of South America, regularly consume from a pound to a pound and a half of clay per day, which satisfies their hunger without injuring their health. Among the Indians of the banks of the Amazon, clay forms a part of the fare, even when other food is abundant. Edible earth is sold in the markets of Bolivia, and a kind which has an agreeable odor is much esteemed among the Peruvians. According to travelers, the Negroes of Jamaica have recourse to clay only when there is a dearth of other food, but they eat it without repugnance. On the contrary, the Negroes of Guinea, transported to America, seek an earth analogous to that which they have been accustomed to, and not always finding it, have recourse to pipe clay.

In the kingdom of Siam the women and children are clay eaters. In Java they make a sort of cake out of a ferruginous clay which the men eat when they wish to become lean. It is an object of commerce in Annam and Tonkin.

The Indians of the Dutch colonies of Java and Sumatra submit an edible clay to a peculiar preparation. They reduce it to a paste with water, separate all foreign matter from it, and spread it out in thin layers, which they cut into small cakes and cook in a saucepan over a charcoal fire. Each of these little cakes, which is rolled up, looks like a piece of dry bark. The color is that of slate and sometimes brown. The clay is also sometimes formed into rudely modeled figures of men and animals. This singular food has a slightly aromatic flavor that offsets its earthy taste.

WHIG AND TORY.

THE old political party of the Whigs no longer exists in America, and now that we have passed the period of "centennials," we hear very little about the Tories who used to trouble our great-grandfathers so much. But the names Whig and Tory are so common in the history of both England and America that the following theories of how the words came into use may be of interest.

During the seventeenth century, when the Scotch were contending for liberty against the oppression of the crown, one of the popular clubs of the day inscribed upon its banners this appropriate and Christian motto, "We hope in God." Sometimes only the initial letter of each word, "W. H. I. G.," was used. In this way, the word "Whig" was formed, which is thus seen to be an abbreviation of this declaration of trust and hope. Those who were designated by this term at first in derision were the friends and defenders of the people against tyranny.

"Tory" was probably an Irish word signifying savage. It was first applied to Irish brigands who robbed "in the king's name," and from them it was transferred to all those who were devoted to the support of the king.

EYE EDUCATION.

THERE are a good many things which our fathers used to learn when they were young but which are not taught in school or out of school to the present generation.

An old gentleman who had his own ideas upon some points of education was of the opinion that every boy ought to be able at any time to tell approximately which direction was north. He would also have children taught to form correct ideas of distance and time. A writer in the "Advance" tells of a teacher who enforced similar practical matters upon the attention of his pupils:

Years ago, when we went to school in the little weather-beaten schoolhouse on the corner, we remember what exciting contests there used to be over the teacher's favorite exercise of having the scholars try to estimate with the eye the size and weight of different objects in the room. He would hold up his cane, for instance, and have each one tell how long he thought it was, and it was a lucky child that could come within half a foot of the right length. He would take a boy's light straw hat and ask how much the crown would hold. He would measure the urchin and then try to have the scholars reproduce the measure on the wall. He would mark off an inch or a foot or a yard in some conspicuous place, and then see how near any body could come to chalking the same length upon the blackboard. And it was astonishing to see how wide astray one could go.

The fact is, our eyes deceive us most ridiculously, even about the commonest things. At first thought, which should you say was the taller, a three-year-old child or a flour-barrel? And could any thing but actual measurement convince you that the same child is half as high as a six-footer? There is an old saying that a child at two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring one can easily believe it and not before.

A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is strange that the old saying, "The shoemaker's children always go bare," should prove its truth in so many instances. One New York boot-black has learned that the principle of the proverb is bad. A "Tribune" reporter noticed the transformation and asked the reason:

I stopped at the stand of a boot-black in Forty-second Street, near the Grand Central Depot, the other day, to have my shoes polished. He was a shrewd-faced middle-aged man. The polish on his own shoes shone until you could see the reflection of your face in it. I remarked that he wore the sign of his business. "I've done that for ten years," he replied. "I've never missed a morning except one. That time I lost the best customer I ever had, and a good stand besides. So I'm not likely to forget it. I had a stand in Sixth Avenue then," he ran on, as he rubbed away at my shoes. "It was just where I caught a good bit of Fifth Avenue trade, before men took the elevated road for down town. I had one customer who was early, regular, and punctual to a given time every morning. He would sit and read the paper while I blackened his shoes. Then he would hand me a quarter and walk away. One morning I over-slept myself and hadn't time to get my own shoes blacked before I began work. It had rained the day before and my shoes were very dirty. My customer came trotting along—he was a little man with heavy whiskers—and was just about to pop into the chair when he saw my dirty shoes. 'Hello!' he cried. 'You're not fit to black other men's shoes till you get your own blacked.' Then he walked off. I never got a chance at him again. Another fellow, who set up a stand on the opposite corner, got his quarter, and somehow the other customers followed. Do I know who he was? Yes, indeed. It was Jay Gould. It happened years ago. I go up that way occasionally yet. He gets his boots blacked at home now. But it makes me lonesome to think of how I lost his custom that time."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

A YOUNG man who treats religion and religious institutions with respect secures more respect from others, and has more self-respect, than he who shows contempt or indifference for such matters.

THERE is little hope for an irreverent fellow. It is hard to get hold of him. There is so little in him to get hold of. There is in irreverence a vein of meanness which makes one shrink from meddling with it.

IRREVERENCE comes from self-conceit and from a spirit of insubordination. Young men want to be thought independent, and wise, and self-sufficient. They dislike restraints of any kind. They want their own way. They are bound to have it. They want people to think that they do have it even when they are under a wise and firm parental authority. They cannot easily escape this control, but they try to make the impression that they are free. Too often such young fellows break loose and are free.

IRREVERENCE begins by treating mother and father as though their opinions were of little worth. They belong to a past age. They don't know the world. The strict way in which these old-time people were brought up prevented the familiarity with men and things which "Young America"—our boy Tom—has acquired. They were slaves to law and authority; Tom is free. They were "believers," that is, they were credulous and somewhat fanatical; Tom is more independent in his thinking. They lived under the bondage of the Church and the Sabbath, and a sensitive conscience; Tom knows these things to be of little value, and puts a fine curl of scorn on his downy lip at the mention of them.

SHOULD young Tom enjoy the advantages of a "good education" he will be bolder in his expressions of protest against the current beliefs, and against the old customs of worship and Sabbath-keeping. He puts his doubts now into high-sounding words and phrases, with a touch of Latin in one sentence, and a bit of Greek in another, and allusions to the old philosophers and the new, and his "profound convictions" concerning this opinion and that. His learning is so vast and varied; his experience with skeptical minds so great; his own large soul has so long been "floundering among the philosophies"—a veritable leviathan on a sedgy shore. And with laborious uplift of overhanging and close-knitted brows he tells you in well-weighed words how much he has read and thought on all these great subjects, and how useless it is for any one to believe what the Bible asserts, or, indeed, to know any thing about the subjects of which the Bible treats. If Tom does not know, of course nobody knows. If Tom cannot know, of course nobody can know. Tom is an "agnostic."

TOM likes to be called an "agnostic." It is a mysterious word to the masses. Besides, it is a word which comes from the Greek. He knows what it means. Then many scholarly people, some of them people of genius, are known to be agnostics. That is what people call them. There is an idea of mystery in it, and with some people that goes a long way—with Tom, for instance. Tom is an agnostic in this sense, that, on the subjects which pertain to the spiritual world, the relations of the soul to God, the relations of time to eternity, the accountability of man to his Maker, the probationary character of human life, and questions of eternal destiny, he can know nothing. That is not all—no one can know any thing. The word "agnostic" comes from the Greek *agnostos*, "not knowing." It is so much more dignified to be an agnostic than to be an atheist. The word atheist has come to be pretty well understood, and the verdict of common sense in all the ages concerning an atheist is the verdict of David, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;" but, up to the latest version that we have, David nowhere says that an agnostic is a fool. We are not saying what David might say if he lived in these times. But no such popular ban has been placed upon agnosticism, and Tom is an agnostic. He does not know about these divine things. He cannot know. No one knows. No one can know. On this platform Tom sits, petting his incipient mustache, sneering his refined sneer, laughing to scorn people who think that there may be a revelation from the invisible through the visible, and a spiritual illumination under which the soul may see God, and become conformed more and more to his perfect and blessed character.

WE have not condemned Tom's doubt. We have not objected to his looking into the philosophies, studying their genesis and relations, and their effects on what has been long accepted by the various schools of religious thinkers. He has a right to do this. He ought to do it. And if, when he comes into the shadows of agnosticism, he were still to be thoughtful, reverent, courteous toward his seniors and superiors—men and women who, twenty years before he was born, thought all through the philosophies in which he is now floundering—we should have larger faith in his sincerity. But when he, a verdant, immature youngling, with (at his very best) but a slight knowledge of human life or human thought, dares to treat with contempt men and women who years ago passed through his present experiences and came to solid ground and clear sunlight, where their philosophy, their religious consciousness, and their daily lives have demonstrated the reality of the world invisible—we are strongly inclined to think that David meant to include in his well-known characterization the young agnostic as well as the old atheist.

IRREVERENCE is at the root of a scornful skepticism. In this case the doubter does not want truth to be known or to be knowable. As for himself he does not want to know. The wish is father to the thought. Out of his desire comes his doubt. For such agnosticism we have only contempt. It is both false and foul. It is hypocrisy of the most despicable character. It is the hypothesis of a soul trying to escape the divine jurisdiction. Beware of it! We feel otherwise toward honest doubt. There is honest doubt. It is cautious thoughtfulness. It is reverent at every step. It desires truth and welcomes all the responsibility that the

whole truth may impose. It is willing to give up prejudices for truth. It is willing to give up business and friends, and social delights, and to encounter loss and peril, and hatred of men for truth. When such a soul doubts, it is that it may come into larger truth. We honor it at every step of the conflict.

Here is an infallible test for Tom and for all of his kind. We state it in a question: *How does he spend his Sabbaths?* In habits and services likely to increase his knowledge and his reverence? Does he read the best thoughts of the best thinkers who have spent long years in speculation and research on these subjects? Does he place himself under conditions favorable to serious reflection? Or does he sleep and eat, and visit and lounge, and take recreation, dismissing all religious topics and sneering at all religious people and institutions? In this way we may soon find out how genuine Tom, is or how false. It may be that experience in the barrenness and emptiness of infidelity and of agnostic atheism may bring him around to the broad and high platform of the great thinkers like Plato, and Paul, and Newton, and Edwards, and the mighty host of mighty men who have bowed reverently and obediently before the great God—Jehovah, the Almighty, the King of kings—OUR FATHER!

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for January 10. JEREMIAH PREDICTING THE CAPTIVITY.—Jer. 8. 20–22, and 9. 1–16. GOLDEN TEXT.—Jer. 8. 20.

YOU may say, "This lesson is all poetry." And you don't "care much for poetry;" nor do you "believe much in prophecy." So down goes this lesson about the *captivity* and the *prediction* and the weeping *prophet*. But please pick it up again, young friend; for it is a lesson packed full of the most practical kind of material. There is a great deal more fact than fancy in it. It deals with realities, expressed, to be sure, in the extravagant way of the Orientals; but the sins of the people, the sorrow of the prophet, and the perils predicted are not, to the blunting of a single thorn, the less real because put into this rhetorical and intense form. There is white heat that consumes at a touch, under the flying smoke and the leaping flame. Look into the poetry and see what a solid body of fact is there.

What a hard set of people were these referred to by Jeremiah! "Adulterers," "treacherous men," supplanters, slanderers, deceitful. No words are forcible enough to describe their iniquity. One wonders if Jeremiah did not do them injustice. A little acquaintance with human nature outside of the Bible prepares us to believe this and similar reports of human nature within the Bible. There have been such people in the world in all ages. See the Romish inquisitors. Read up the history of American Indians and South Sea cannibals. There are such people to-day. Not all of them are sentenced to be hung. Not all of them are in prison. Not all of them are convicted. Not all are even suspected. Go into the haunts of vice in every great city. Walk for an hour among gamblers, thieves, and cutthroats. Read in our dailies one week's report of crime. Go to the frontier, to a new railroad town, or to some mining camp. And after all this you will have but little idea of the possible rascality of man. What if a whole community should come to be what these basest men are? And this is an easy possibility. We belong to a race with a fearful capacity for crime. One may well tremble as he sees what he might become but for the intervention of heaven.

How such things can be in the government of a good God is a great problem. But we know that they *can be* in the government of a good state and in the government of a good father. There is no accounting for the way of man's own will. He has freedom. In no other way could he have heaven. But this freedom involves the possibility of sin and misery. A greedy man may choke to death on the meat that might be used to prolong his life. What a fool he is! So is he a fool who uses freedom that might make an angel of him to turn himself into a brute and a demon.

Whatever may be said about the cause of sin, of one thing we may be sure, and that is that sin brings suffering. It sends souls and states into captivity. Nature is constructed to antagonize and wear out and ruin a man who sins. It may be slow, but it is sure. God sets himself against sin. Look at nature. Look at a dying sinner. Look at God's word. Read what Jeremiah, by divine authority, says to the people. Sin wrecks. Sin ruins. This is certain. You cannot be an exception to the law.

Over against the people's hardness see the prophet's tenderness. Verses 20–22 and 1. Note the contrast between a set of heartless, selfish sinners and a sympathetic, weeping, expostulating saint. Such contrasts are to be found all through history, and in our world to-day. Some people say, "What a waste of pity! Let the rascals suffer! Let them hang! What difference does it make to me?" That is about as mean as the meanness condemned, and is merciless selfishness. "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord." It is for us to pity our miserable fellow-men and to pray for them and to help them. True pity will not dull your sense of justice. Don't rejoice over the ruin of your neighbor, but do what you can to help him. Study the sympathy of Jeremiah.

Two verses in this lesson ought to be carefully studied by young people. They are verses 3 and 5. You may find yourself described in three particulars in verse 3, beginning at the second clause. You may see the utter folly of some young people described in the last clause of verse 5.

May you never know all the terrible meaning of the punishment described in verse 15!

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Is there an infinite Intelligence in this universe? Back of the thought in nature is there a Thinker? Back of the effect is there a Cause? Back of the personal man is there a personal God? What are the probabilities? Can there be any doubt as to the existence of the Creator who is both king and father? If not sure of this give your life to the settlement of the problem. There is nothing more important in the whole range of questions to be answered. But whatever you do avoid the brazen assurance which ignores all the probabilities and arguments, and boldly say, "There is no God."

EVERY superintendent may not be able to spend money on books as freely as does Mr. George S. Bennett. But he can get one or two books. And he can "keep up a deal of thinking" on his own account. And he can keep his eyes open. And he can listen to others and draw them out and get what they have. It may be he wont need many books.

DON'T be frivolous. Frivolity is a sign of both intellectual and moral weakness. Don't be a mere kitten, nor a parrot, nor a monkey. Have good sense. Cheerfulness is one thing, frivolity is another. Cultivate the one and sturdily repress the other.

SELECT a good author. Find one of his best chapters, essays, or poems. Copy the whole of it, word for word. Keep pronouncing the words as you write them. Read the copied selection over and over. Commit as much of it to memory as possible. You have no idea how it will improve your style and increase your vocabulary.

THE most irritating signal whistle used by any railway company in America is the little, sharp, fiendish, penetrating, and exasperating whistle which tortures the passengers of the N. Y., N. H., and H. R. R.

FILE OUR YOUTH. It will pay you to preserve it.

THE United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the Government since the war to educate the "blue jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is authority for the statement that one fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease. His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is, "No, sir;" but the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once show the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from so high authority, and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day and month after month.

KEEP every picture you get, small or large, engraving or photograph, worthless or valuable. Keep them. Classify them. Put them in envelopes according to subjects. You may use them some day. Or some child may use them. Hours of pleasure and volumes of instruction may come from your collection of old pictures.

KEEP eyes and ears open. Look. Listen. Look to see. See to know. Know to remember. Remember to use. The habit of careful observation promotes fullness and accuracy of knowledge.

FROWN down a vulgar-lipped boy. He is a rowdy, and not far from being a scoundrel. Don't mince matters where he is concerned. Let him know what you think of him. And don't back down. Let him scowl and get into a rage. It will do him good to know that a decent boy despises him.

GARIBALDI once recruited his forces with these words: "I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, want, wounds, death; whoso will choose these for liberty, let him follow me."

THERE is an old adage quoted in a recent lawsuit in England, "The presence of rats on board a ship is *prima facie* evidence of her sea-worthiness."

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

A PASTOR from Iowa writes: "We have twenty-four members of our League, and they are doing finely. I can see the effect of the League work upon them. Already in the Sunday-school, class-meeting, prayer and preaching service, these are coming to the front. I am already full of applications for books and counsels as to the best way to fit them for the Christian life. It is asserted by members of my charge that the League is doing more good than any other of the Church societies."

THE Oxford League of Monroe, Mich., to insure prompt attendance of members, has no initiation fee or regular dues, but has a fine for absence from the examination which takes place at the opening of every session. The interest of the League meetings has been kept up by the introduction each evening of a brief magic-lantern lecture on some such topic as the "Catacombs of Egypt," "Architecture in Egypt in the time of Joseph," "Customs of Egypt in the time of Moses." The League in Monroe also holds open sessions, in which are presented papers on various scientific and other subjects. Invitations are extended to the community.

A CORRESPONDENT from Iowa, who has a very flourishing League, says: "When I first read No. 3 of 'Our Own Church Series,' I thought it a little brusque, but I soon had occasion to change my mind. The minister of a certain church in this place (referred to in No. 3) was, I found, holding cottage lectures in the families of my own church in the outskirts of the city, in which he was telling my people that 'only the ministry he represented had authority to administer the ordinances, an authority they had in line from the apostles.' So I put in plenty of 'Our Own Church Series No. 3,' together with the others, and I think there is scarcely a better antidote in our literature to such teaching."

THE same diligent pastor reports concerning the circulation of tracts: "Be they never so good, the circulation of them is not the highest thing. I give an evening's reading and *conversazione*, taking up, for instance, the tract, Pocket Series, 89, 'Amusements,' and I have a good reader read it. We then converse upon it. After that we have a song from our 'League choir;' then take up another tract, which a second reader renders for us, and this is also followed with conversation and song. Here the subject-matter is fixed in mind and the value of the tract library is felt. Already our young people are getting some wholesome convictions as to duty and character."

ANOTHER pastor writes: "I think the Oxford League is destined to be one of the most beneficial departments for the development of intelligent forces in the Church that has ever been instituted."

A METHODIST Episcopal minister in Indiana writes: "I am puzzled to see how I can have a Church Lyceum, the C. L. S. C., the Church Social, the Oxford League, the Library Association—all by devoting one evening of the week."

It is very obvious that our good brother is acquainted with the wide range of provisions made for the education of our people, and especially of our young people. And we say frankly that it is impossible to use all these agencies. They might, however, be combined. Under the "Oxford League" it might be possible to have members taking the C. L. S. C. reading at their homes, with an occasional fifteen minutes' *résumé* of its work by some member for the benefit of the whole League. The same might be done with the Church Lyceum course of reading. Once a month, for example, there might be a simple report of what is being done by individuals who belong to the "C. L. S. C.," and to the church "Lyceum Reading Union." The meetings of the League might be devoted to the simple outline of reading, provided in the "initial" and "second grades," and all the social life that the young people need in connection with the Church itself may be introduced once a month after the regular lesson or conversation is over. It is wonderful how many good things may be packed into a single hour; but the best work must be done at home during the week, and the meeting of the "League," "Lyceum," "Circle," "Association," "Social," "Union," or whatever you please to call it, must be given to general reviews and to exercises which tend to prepare people for personal work at home.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

Oxford League Hints.

IN speaking of your own Church never call it the "Methodist Church."

NEVER call your own Church the "M. E. Church." You have time to give it the full name to which it is entitled.

YOUR own Church is "The Methodist Episcopal Church"—a legitimate descendant of the "Church of England, older than its American sister, "The Protestant Episcopal Church," who is also a daughter of the Church of England, but younger and smaller than her Methodist Episcopal sister.

IT is well to know the right name and to use it. There are meanings in names. For example, it is a mistake to call the Roman Catholic Church "the Catholic Church," for the Roman Catholic Church is *not* "Catholic." Study the word and see how false it is as applied to "Rome." It is a mistake to call the Protestant Episcopal Church the "Episcopal Church." Outsiders who don't care much about such things and who don't know the facts say, "Catholic," "Episcopal," "Methodist." Cultivated people who know Church history and the courtesies due to denominations say: "The Methodist Episcopal Church," "The Protestant Episcopal Church," "The Roman Catholic Church." If you want to speak contemptuously of these Churches say—but then you never want to speak contemptuously of any Church.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church was established in due form in the United States in 1784. Her first American Bishop was ordained by John Wesley, who was ordained "Presbyter" (with full authority to do whatever under any circumstances a presbyter might have a right to do) by Bishop Potter of the Church of England, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. The "tactual succession" which our Church has through Bishop Potter gives us a connection with the much lauded "succession" of the Church of England—a succession which we understand well and for which the Methodist Episcopal Church cares nothing, because the "succession" on which we do depend is a succession, doctrinal, spiritual, practical, and divine, running back to the days of Christ, conserved in the heavens, and bestowed in gracious communications by the Holy Spirit—a verity of to-day, a verity of the centuries—a succession unbroken and unimpeachable.

READ again the several articles already published in OUR YOUTH on "The Oxford League," and if no "League" is organized in your church ask your pastor to order the "Initial Grade of Reading." See OUR YOUTH, No. 1, page 11. This will cost eighty-one cents. Two, three, or four persons might combine, using a single set.

THE form of constitution for an "Oxford League" may be had for the asking. Address the Editor of OUR YOUTH, 805 Broadway, New York.

LET every reader of OUR YOUTH who is a member of the Church be a true member. Be one thing or the other. Don't compromise. Be what you are with your whole soul. Stand up, if a Methodist Episcopal Christian, for the Methodist Episcopal Church; and love all others, but be true to your own.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

WE have laid down and explained three rules, all so important that we think it wise to review them briefly. The following paragraph contains errors which are direct violations of these three rules. Italics indicate the words which are wrongly used. Read carefully, and make corrections as well as you can. Next week we shall print a corrected version of this paragraph:

No one of the African travelers *have* told more laughable stories than *him*. Each *have their* favorite anecdotes which *they tell* to any one *who they* can get to listen. "Who," said he, "has ever heard of the man who fell into the water and cried, 'I *will* drown, nobody *shall* save me?'"

QUESTIONS.

1. Are we to conclude from the first sentence that the person referred to by "him" was a funny man?
2. What change might be made in the second sentence so that *have*, *their*, *they*, *tell*, and *they* would be correct?
3. How many think that the part of a sentence, "'Who,' said he, 'has ever heard of the man,'" is correct?
4. Did the man who was drowning want to commit suicide, or had he given up all hope of rescue?

TO show how liable even the best writers are to errors such as those pointed out in the preceding exercise, we print a few extracts taken from Prof. A. S. Hill's "Rhetoric:"

W. M. Thackeray: ". . . made her one of the clumsiest *bows that was* ever performed by a mortal."

This seems correct at first glance, but what Thackeray meant was this: Many bows have been made. This was one of the clumsiest.

Charles Dickens: "*Each* of the ladies *were* perfect in *their* parts."

Thomas DeQuincey: "No *nation* but ourselves *have* equally succeeded," etc.

We urge again the importance of carefully heeding these rules. The mistakes are easy and natural, as these examples show, and because they creep in so quietly they must be guarded against with all the great-

er vigilance. Let us try to keep verb and subject in harmony, to give *who* an *m* when it deserves one, and to see to it that those troublesome twins, *will* and *shall*, do not slyly change places.

"Fine" Writing.

In our Christmas Number we said a few words about simplicity in writing. Language has been called the "dress of thought;" in the same way we speak of "clothing an idea" in words. Thoughts may be tastefully dressed, or they may be tricked out in all kinds of finery. True taste in dress selects not only what is becoming, but what is appropriate for the occasion. The same principle should govern the use of language. Just as people of little experience in the world are in danger of being dazzled by a lavish display of jewels, which are oftentimes only paste, so young writers are apt to mistake a style full of long words, foreign phrases, and gorgeous figures of speech for true elegance. The very word "elegant" has been used so carelessly of late that it begins to have a false glitter. Elegance comes from a Latin word meaning "to choose." So an elegant thing is the result of careful and wise selection. Nowhere should this selection be more intelligently made than in writing. Selection implies rejection, and it will be a much easier task to point out briefly the things to be avoided than to lay down principles of choice. Literary shoddiness consists in using a long word where a shorter one conveys the meaning just as well; in stating a simple fact in a high-flown phrase; or, in short, it is addressing the ear rather than the understanding.

The daily newspaper abounds with this false and flashy writing. The "personal column" is full of literary finery. Mr. B., a beef-packer, has gone to New York on business. This is the way the fact appears in the morning papers:

Mr. B., the merchant prince, is now in the metropolis guarding the vast commercial interests connected with his magnificent *abattoir*.

In a similar way a barber becomes a *tonsorial artist;* an afternoon's fishing is scarcely recognizable as *a piscatorial expedition;* a farmer follows the plow as an *agriculturist;* while milk is disguised as *lacteal fluid*. These examples serve to illustrate one kind of "fine writing." Another form is to be found in newspaper descriptions of weddings, parties, and so forth: "Flowers bloom in tropical luxuriance;" "Soft strains of sensuous music are wafted through the incense-laden air," and the enchanted guest mistakes the back parlor for "a wondrous fairy-land." At dinners "tables groan under a weight of good things."

The first description, even if it were not so hackneyed, would be inappropriate for such an occasion. "Tables have groaned" for so many years that we give no heed to their sufferings; the collection of words has lost its force, and is passed down from one generation to another, a battered coin of a past circulation. Avoid all combinations of this kind which have been made by others. Be original and straightforward. Do not venture too far in the use of figurative language before you are able to discriminate between what is useful and what is mere display.

We cannot leave this subject without mentioning two words, *gent* and *lady*. *Gent* is a senseless abbreviation of gentleman, and only helps to injure that already abused word. Let every member of the School put upon his literary black list the vulgarism *gent*.

Lady, like gentleman, should convey an idea of purity, uprightness, and refinement. *Lady* is too often used as synonymous with *woman*. It is not an unusual thing for a paper to announce that a *lady* has been picking pockets, or that two *ladies* were engaged in a fight on the street. Be careful to use *lady* only when you mean a lady. We are glad to see that a New York ferry company, which used to label its cabins "Ladies" and "Gents" has changed to "Women" and "Men."

Ten Words Often Mispronounced.

Advertisement—adver'tizemĕnt.	Enervate—ener'vate.
Ally—ally', plu. allies'.	Interesting—in'teresting.
Chinese—Chinēze'.	Prelude—prĕ'lūde..
Deficit—dĕf'icĭt.	Romance—ro-mance'.
Discourse—discourse'.	Therefore—ther'fōr (thar'fōr is inelegant).

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

Tobogganing.

The Canadians, who have no little reason for considering themselves authorities in winter sports, declare that our methods of coasting cannot compare with theirs. Although we are not prepared, perhaps, to yield that point, we do not deny that tobogganing is a very exciting pastime.

A man from "the States," when he had reached the foot of a toboggan-hill in safety after his first ride, remarked: "That's the most systematic way of falling over a precipice I ever saw." And so it seems to the uninitiated. A toboggan-slide is often artificial. A broad trough is built on the side of a steep hill. This trough is packed with snow, which is worn to a glassy smoothness. A stairway at one side leads to the head of the slide, and at night a long line of flaming torches and colored lanterns make a beautiful scene. The private club slides at Montreal are very elaborately fitted up with well-warmed waiting-rooms which have large windows where people may sit and watch the jolly parties go whizzing by.

The grade of a toboggan-slide is very steep. For a short distance the descent is gradual, then the "crest" is passed, and with a frightful lunge the toboggan shoots downward almost perpendicularly, while the new passenger gasps for breath, and resolves with all the power of his bewildered brain never to tempt providence this way again. Once safe at the bottom, however, the inclination is to try it again, and a second trip is thoroughly enjoyable.

An American "double-ripper" would be quite unmanageable on a toboggan-slide. It would attain a most dangerous rate of speed and the slightest swaying of the front sled would cause a disaster.

The toboggan presents so much surface to the snow that friction prevents it from attaining too great a speed. The toboggan is made of one or, more often, of two thin boards of hickory. The boards are fastened by thongs of deer-skin to a light frame, and in front are curved upward, and fastened back by the same means. A cushion is usually placed upon the rack. The boards are sand-papered on the bottom, and constant use makes them perfectly smooth.

A toboggan will carry from one to four persons. Three is perhaps an average load, although there is a great deal of coasting in couples. The steersman occupies the last place and guides the toboggan by trailing his foot at one side.

Tobogganing is making its way into the United States this winter. A club at Orange, N. J., is building a slide. One has been put up at Saratoga, and others are talked of in other cities.

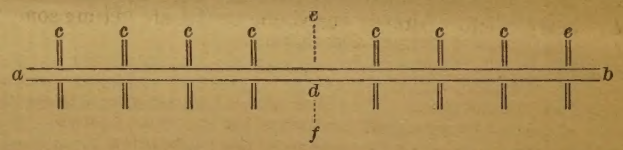
We are ready to give this sport a fair trial, if we only have snow enough, but it will be a long time before the toboggan will supplant the double-ripper in the hearts of young Americans.

In-door Athletics.

In our last number we described the apparatus for a standing high-jump, and gave one or two hints as to the best methods of clearing the bar. The running high-jump is only a slight variation of the standing-jump. The additional spring and momentum given by the run make it possible to clear a greater height. The best way to jump is to run toward the bar at an angle, and leap over it sideways. The finest running high-jumper in America is a short, thick-set fellow about five feet seven inches in height. His method is peculiar. He runs straight at the bar, and just as he jumps, turns like a flash, and goes over sideways. His best jump is six feet one quarter of an inch.

Perhaps the most exciting in-door contest is a *tug-of-war*. All our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the main idea of the sport, but it is possible that some of them do not know the regulations in regard to it which have been adopted by the amateurs of America.

First, there must be four on each side, and these four together must not weigh over six hundred pounds. The last man on each team, who is known as the "anchor," may have a belt of heavy sole-leather, to prevent the rope which he wraps around his waist from cutting him. Each man is allowed a cleat of wood screwed to the floor, against which to brace his feet. The following diagram will show the position of the cleats and rope:



A b represents the rope, which should be an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. For a pull the anchors take their places on the end cleats, pass the ends of the rope, which should be long enough for the purpose, around their belts, and make a loose catch. The others take their places, grasping the rope firmly just above the cleat. One foot must be braced against the cleat while the other supports the body, for no one is permitted to lie down for the pull until the word is given. The one who starts the tug places the mark on the rope *d* on the line *e, f*, which is just in the center between the front cleats. He puts his foot on the rope to hold it in place, and says, "Are you ready—*go*." At the word, both sides drop to the floor. The first team down gets one or two inches of the rope on its side. Then the pull begins. The anchor on one side will bend his knees, come up stealthily, take in a few inches of rope and make it fast; then with a quick word, his men, who have been ready for a half a minute, give with him a sudden "heave," which may bring them four or five inches of rope. Then the other side tries a similar plan, and perhaps regains the lost inches with others besides. The pull lasts five minutes, and at the end of that time, whichever team has the mark *d* on its side of the center line is declared winner. The old college song has it, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Whether we are to conclude that this sport is of Grecian origin or not, we are sure that it would prove an interesting sport to our athletic young readers.

A Ship-board Game.

The tedium of a sea voyage is relieved in many ways, and in fair weather small groups of people are to be found on deck engaged in playing various games. Some of these games depend for excitement on the motion of the ship, but others afford considerable amusement on land as well as at sea. One game is played as follows: A board 2 feet broad and 2 feet 8 inches long is divided into twelve squares, 8 x 8 inches, and the squares are marked as in the diagram. A 6-inch strip should be nailed underneath the board at the top so that when it rests on the floor it will be inclined toward the players, who stand about fifteen or twenty feet away. Five little disks of lead, about 2 inches in diameter and 1-4 inch thick, covered with leather or heavy canvas, are the implements of play. Each player in turn throws all five disks, and tries to land them in the squares which are marked with the higher numbers. The numbers are credited to the score of any one who throws a disk into their respective squares. The player first reaching 100 on even turns, or making the most over 100 (in case of several reaching the limit on the same round) is the winner. A disk on a line does not count. A throw into either B takes off 10. By looking at the diagram it will readily appear that any one who wants a 10 will have to run no little risk to secure it.

B	10	B
9	1	8
5	7	3
4	2	6

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

The Carolines Dispute.

At Rome on the 17th of December the representatives of Spain and Germany celebrated the settlement of the Carolines dispute. This subject had filled a large space in the foreign news of the summer, but the threatening aspect of Turkish affairs withdrew attention from this minor trouble, which has now been peaceably adjusted.

The Caroline Islands constitute a numerous group of coral reef and rocky islets rising from the waters of the western Pacific to the northward of Australia, and lying east from the Spanish Philippines. The entire cluster contains less than 40,000 inhabitants, and perhaps 600 square miles of territory. The inhabitants are of the brown race, and many of them have become Christians through the labors of the American missionaries. They have lived under their native kings, owning the sovereignty of no European power.

Within the last twelve months Prince Bismarck, who directs the policy of Germany, has undertaken many colonial schemes in Africa and elsewhere. German gun-boats have unexpectedly appeared on strange coasts, and the flag of the empire has been raised over some lone island which the carelessness of other nations had left unclaimed. On the 24th of August, 1885, a German war-ship arrived before the chief island of the Carolines. A Spanish vessel was at anchor in the harbor, but the German commander sent his men ashore at dusk to place the group under the protection of the German flag. The Spanish commander vainly protested that his government had long ago laid claim to this territory, but the German carried out his orders unharmed.

The news from the Carolines reached Spain on Sept. 4, and aroused such excitement in the capital that a mob attacked the offices of the German Embassy, tore down and burned the imperial coat-of-arms which adorned the building, and paraded the streets until dispersed by troops. The feeling against Germany was bitter. Some persons even said that war was inevitable. The good sense of both nations brought them safely out of the crisis.

The Spanish government addressed a note to Germany, apologizing for the insulting conduct of the Madrid mob, and at the same time stating the grounds of discovery and settlement upon which Spain based her claim to the Carolines.

Prince Bismarck in reply expressed a willingness to refer the rival demands to the arbitration of a friendly power. A little later it was announced that both nations had agreed to leave the question to the pope for decision. The pope accepted the trust. Nearly three months have elapsed since the documents in the case were laid before him. The results of his deliberation have now been published, and meet with the approval of both the interested nations.

By the terms of the pope's decision, Spain is to retain the sovereignty which she claimed, while Germany is granted enlarged commercial freedom in the islands. The affair which created so much excitement has thus harmlessly subsided.

German gun-boats are still on duty in the Pacific. It is now reported that the two groups of islands lying west from the Carolines have been taken under German protection. These islands, the Marshall and Gilbert, have been for many years best known as the seat of one of the most successful American missions. The German policy evidently aims at the establishment of a coaling station for the imperial fleet in the vicinity of the colonies of England, France, and Spain.

The Proceedings of Congress.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned Dec. 21, 1885, to meet again on Jan. 5, 1886, after the usual holiday recess. Among the bills presented to the Senate before adjournment were the following:

Senator Van Wyck proposed an act to provide for the organization of a part of the Indian Territory and the "public land strip" into a new territory to be known as Oklahoma; to divide this land in homestead lots and distribute the same to Indians.

Senator Cullom asked for the establishment of a system of postal telegraphs. This bill would probably place all telegraph lines under the control of the U. S. Post-office department.

The House of Representatives, having adopted the new code of rules by which its proceedings are to be accelerated, began to receive bills and refer them to the appropriate committees for consideration.

Among the measures which were introduced in the House on Monday, Dec. 21, were the following:

Mr. Wheeler proposed to pension all persons who served honorably in the Mexican War for a period of fourteen days or longer, and who did not subsequently enter the Confederate army.

Mr. Thomas presented a bill for granting pensions to all soldiers who served thirty days in the Union army during the late war.

Mr. Morrow introduced an act forbidding the entry of Chinese laborers for a period of twenty years. He provides that Chinese who leave this country temporarily shall be photographed, and only those who can be identified by this means shall be allowed to re-enter the United States.

The House had set apart Monday, Dec. 21, as a day for receiving bills. As the roll of States was called, the members presented their measures, which were assigned by the Speaker to the care of the appropriate committee. The call proceeded alphabetically, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon when Maine, the fifteenth State, was reached. Up to that hour 1,004 bills had been introduced, and as it was evident that a night session would be necessary to complete the call, it was ordered that when the House meets after the holidays the call shall be resumed.

During the recess the Speaker of the House will assign the members to the several committees for the session, and the list will be announced at the time of re-assembling.

The Hydrophobia Cure.

On the 9th of December four children living in Newark, N. J., embarked for Paris, France. These children had been bitten by a mad dog a few days before, and it was therefore expected that sooner or later they would be attacked by that terrible disease, hydrophobia. They were going to Paris in the hope that the French scientist, Pasteur, could save their lives. They arrived safely and were immediately inoculated by the distinguished physician. The attention of a great many people has been attracted to the pitiful case of these little ones, and the reports of their condition will be taken in approval or in condemnation of the value of Pasteur's discovery.

In an article in the "Popular Science Monthly," for January, 1886, M. Pasteur describes his method of preventing rabies or hydrophobia. He says: "After almost innumerable experiments I obtained a preventive method, practical and prompt, of which sufficiently numerous and assured successes have been gained upon dogs to give me confidence in its general applicability to all animals and to man himself."

This preventive is based, like vaccination, upon inoculation with a kind of virus. Marrow from a mad dog, introduced into the system of a rabbit, was found to produce madness within fifteen days. By taking the infected marrow of this rabbit and passing it into the system of a second animal, the strength of the poison was increased, and the hydrophobia appeared in less time. By a long series of such transfers virus was obtained which would cause madness within a week after inoculation. It was also found that the infected marrow would gradually lose its power if kept for some days before using. In this way Pasteur collected a stock of virus varying in strength from the most violent to that which would have no evil effect whatever.

In the second stage of the process a healthy dog was taken and inoculated with a liquid in which the marrow had been soaked. Several injections were made, commencing with the weakest virus, and ending with that of the greatest power. The experiment was a success. The dog did not become rabid.

With man the case was similar. On the 7th of July, 1885, the first human patient was treated—a boy of nine years who had been terribly bitten sixty hours before by a dog of whose madness there could be no doubt. From the 7th to the 16th of July the lad received thirteen injections of the liquid in which the rabbit-marrow had been soaked. The first virus to be used had been kept fifteen days and had lost its virulence. In each succeeding inoculation, fresher and more powerful virus was employed, and on the last day the syringe was filled with a solution of the freshest and most violent nature. The poison of the dog's bite was counteracted and the boy recovered.

The fame of this discovery has spread all over the world, and patients are thronging to the laboratory of the great Frenchman to test its virtues for themselves.

The Nanticoke Disaster.

One of the most shocking accidents in the history of mining in this country occurred in a coal shaft at Nanticoke in eastern Pennsylvania, on Friday, December 18.

The entrance to the mine is on the side of a hill near the Susquehanna River. The excavation followed the vein of coal out under the low land along the river bank. In a depression of the surface had been dumped many thousand tons of the coal-dust which the miners call culm. Into this depression had drained the waters from the neighboring high ground, forming a pond containing twenty million gallons. A tunnel connecting two shafts of the mine passed directly beneath this depression. On Friday morning the ceiling of this passage-way was brought down by a blast, opening a vein of quicksand leading to the pond above. In a few moments the tunnel was choked with water, sand, and culm.

According to the statement of the coal company, fifty-two men were in the passage-way at the moment of the disaster, twenty-four of whom were intercepted by the torrent and either killed immediately or imprisoned in the chambers of the mine.

There was a faint hope that the buried miners might be saved, and their comrades immediately began the difficult task of excavation. Working in gangs of sixty, relieving each other every four hours, they labored day and night to reach, if possible, the spot where the poor fellows were entombed. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday passed, then the new tunnel caved and the rescuers narrowly escaped. But they began again undismayed, and worked incessantly through the soft sand until Wednesday morning, when they were driven from the shaft by the suffocating gases which could not be expelled. All hope of reaching the men alive has been relinquished.

Nine of the lost miners were married, and several had large families of children. Three brothers have perished together and their mother is dying under the shock.

France and Madagascar.

THE following dispatch, dated at Paris, Dec. 22, 1885, has been received:

"Peace between France and Madagascar has been concluded. It is reported that the treaty of peace gives France a protectorate over the whole of Madagascar, and that there will be a French Resident at the capital who will be charged with the duty of conducting the foreign affairs of Madagascar and who will be attended by a permanent guard. French troops will occupy Tamatave until a war indemnity of $2,000,000 has been paid."

The island of Madagascar is situated in the Indian Ocean, and is separated by a channel one hundred miles in breadth from the eastern coast of Africa. The island is five times as large as the State of New York, and contains nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants.

The war which has just terminated began in 1883, when the spirited foreign policy of the French Cabinet undertook so many inglorious schemes of conquest. France laid claim to the north-west portion of the island under a treaty with a native sovereign, who was already subject to the government of the Hovas. The Hovas are the most intelligent and warlike of the native tribes, and their queen, Ranavalona III., is acknowledged as the supreme ruler of the island. A French fleet appeared before Madagascar in May, 1883, and ordered the Hova government to withdraw from the district claimed by France.

The government replied by expelling all French citizens. Thereupon the fleet bombarded and captured Tamatave, the principal port. The queen sought in vain to form alliances with England, Germany, and the United States, and then, in January, 1884, offered to submit to the French demands. But France now claimed the sovereignty of the entire island. The Hovas determined to continue the war. Their coast towns were destroyed, but the French could not penetrate the interior. Many of the Europeans fell victims to the tropical fevers, and the expenditure of life and money yielded scanty results.

The natives, though officered by Englishmen, had not the resources to maintain a losing strife for many months, and they have been compelled at last to submit. Their courageous spirit has won them the applause of every one, and the news of the French triumph will be learned with sorrow.

Ireland.

(Area, 32,531 square miles; population, 5,174,836.)

THIS much-talked-of portion of the British Empire is separated from Scotland and England by waters of St. George's Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Channel. The influence of the Gulf Stream, which approaches the western coast of Ireland, gives the atmosphere that wet, mild character which has called forth the natural verdure of this "land of the green valley and the rushing river." The surface is gently rolling, except along the coast, where some of the hills rise to the height of two or three thousand feet, and take the name of mountains. Great peat bogs cover thousands of acres of the interior. Lakes are numerous, large, and beautiful. The Shannon is the principal stream and is navigable nearly to its source. Canals through the low country furnish waterways between the rivers and lakes.

Although blessed with soil of great fertility, aided by a climate temperate and moist, Ireland is poor. Agriculture is almost the sole industry of the people, and the land is cultivated in small tenant-farms with so little skill that the failure of a single crop causes wide-spread distress. Oats, flax, and potatoes are the principal productions. The peasants subsist, for the most part, upon potatoes, seldom tasting meat of any kind. Only in the vicinity of Belfast are manufactures extensively carried on. Here the flax is made into linens of high quality.

Dublin is the chief city and the seat of the English government of the island. Belfast and Cork are the only other towns of more than 50,000 inhabitants. At Queenstown, on the southern coast, the mail steamers between Liverpool and the United States touch to receive and deliver the mails.

The earliest history of Ireland is confused and unintelligible. The Irish, when first described, were a warlike race, principally of Celtic origin. They were never conquered by the Romans, like their neighbors of Britain, but were ruled by their native kings for many centuries after the Christian era. St. Patrick preached the Gospel in the island in 440 A.D. His efforts were successful, and the whole nation gave up paganism for Christianity. Irish missionaries afterward took part in the conversion of Britain, and Irish learning became famous throughout western Europe. Crosses and towers of stone still testify to the taste and skill of the Irish architects and builders of that early day.

In the twelfth century Henry II. of England began the conquest of Ireland. He was in a measure successful, and parceled out the lands among his barons. But these barons gradually adopted Irish customs, and the English influence was crowded back into a narrow district on the coast. Henry VIII. re-established his authority in the island in 1495, but frequently revolts broke out under him and his successors. The Irish remained Catholics, and, after the victory of the Protestants at the Boyne in 1690, were subjected for nearly one hundred years to the cruel anti-Catholic laws of England, which deprived them of all rights, civil and political. In 1778 these laws were relaxed, but they caused the rebellion of 1798 against English rule.

January 1st, 1801, Ireland was joined to England for governmental purposes by the act of Union. The Irish agitators of this century have demanded the repeal of that act. They ask for an Irish Parliament at Dublin, with full power under the Queen to legislate for themselves. The National League of Irishmen all over the world is striving toward this end. Ireland has been only a burden to England, but the interests of British landlords and the pride of British statesmen stand in the way of an easy settlement. The Irish will make a determined effort to obtain their wishes in the coming Parliament under Mr. Parnell's leadership.

The history of Ireland will appear very differently according to the point of view. The English writers talk of the "wild, rebellious Irish," while the Irish historians dwell upon the "cruelties of English generals and the tyranny of English Parliaments."

"An Outline of Irish History," by Justin H. M'Carthy. This is a vivid sketch of English oppression from the earliest times to 1882, and is well worth reading.

"The English in Ireland," by James Anthony Froude. This work embodies the English view of the administration of Irish affairs in the 18th century.

Pronunciation.

Af-ghan'is-tan.
Arch-ān'gel (Ark-ān'jel).
Bal'tic (Bôl'tic).
Bel'gium.
Beh'ring's (Bā'ringz).
Bur'mah (Bĕr'-).
Boug (Boog).
Bud'dhist.
Bis'marck.
Cir-cas'si-an (Ser-ka'shē-an).
Con'go (Kong'go).
Cos'sack.
Czar (Tsar).
Cau-cas-ian (Kau-kash'un).
Dnie'per (Nē'per).
Dŏn.
Dis-rae'li (Diz-rā'lĭ).
Eūx'ine.
Hō'va.
Kajaks (Kay'aks).
Khī'va (Kē'va).
Kir-ghiz (Keer-geez').
Kal'muk.
Mŏn-gō'li-an.
Mō-ham'me-dan.
Ma-da-gas'car.
Mant-choo'ri-an.
Ma-drid'.
Pas-teur'(-ter').
Pō'lish.
Phil'ipp-ines (Fil'ip-īnz).
Ra-na-va-lō'na.
Rūs'sia.
Sa-mar-cand'.
Ta-ma-tave'.
Uz'beg.
Vol'ga.
Ya-kut'.

A Brief Survey.

The Irish Protestants (Orangemen) publish a protest against Home Rule, on the ground that an Irish Catholic Parliament would endanger the liberties of Protestants. ——Gen. Caceres has restored peace in Peru, and promises to respect the results of the approaching election. He has been nominated for President of the Republic.——On Dec. 21 it is reported that Servia and Bulgaria have agreed to a truce until March 1, 1886.——The revolution in Mexico has proved insignificant. The rebels have dispersed.——Burmah is now ravaged by the Shan tribes from the north-eastern border.——A monument has been dedicated to Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, at Largo, Scotland, where he was born 1676.—— The Apaches have been killing soldiers and settlers in New Mexico.——The owners of the English cutter *Galatea* have challenged the representatives of the New York Yacht Club to a race for the America's Cup, during the season of 1886. ——It is reported that the Standard Oil Company has obtained control of the natural gas supply of Pennsylvania, and will conduct the gas by means of pipes to Cleveland, Buffalo, and even New York.——By an explosion in a colliery in Wales, 400 men were entombed, and at least 50 were killed.——In a letter published Dec. 24, the pope, Leo XIII., exhorts the Romish Church in England and America to provide religious education for children. He advises the establishment of private schools for the children of Catholic parents.——Joan of Arc is to be made a saint by the Romish Church. The ceremonies of canonization are now in progress.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Resolved: That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries.

Secular=not having a distinctively religious tendency.

Arguments for the affirmative must be sent to OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J., by January 2 to appear January 9, and by January 9 for the issue of January 16. For full particulars see OUR YOUTH, No. 4, page 63. The limit is 150 words.

We hope that many of our readers will take part in this discussion. It will not only give practice in clear and concise writing, but will furnish perhaps new ideas on this subject, which is of so much importance in the selection of Sunday-school literature. Superintendents and teachers have pondered this question often, but never before have scholars had a similar opportunity to express their views. We trust that with the active co-operation of our readers THE DEBATING CLUB will prove one of the most useful and attractive departments of OUR YOUTH.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—OUR YOUTH is young as yet, good friends,
To-day he's five weeks old;
He early learned to talk, good friends,
As you need not be told.
He aims to amuse you,
But never abuse you;
Most kindly he teaches,
But rarely he preaches.
He is glad to find young people
With such willingness to hear,
And he wishes every one of you
A bright and glad New Year!

—"Well, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a favorite soldier after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"

"Do? May it please your honor, why, I walked bouldly up to one of the inimy and cut off his fut."

"Cut off his foot! Why didn't you cut off his head?"

"Ah! an' faith, your honor, that was off already."

—Colonel Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors he said, sternly, to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you?"

"That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A broker was asked his opinion of a certain pompous man. "Well, I don't know of any better speculation," was the reply, "than to buy him for what he *is* worth, and sell him for what he *thinks* he's worth."—*Ex.*

—An Irishman, mourning his wife, tearfully exclaimed: "Faith, an' she was a good woman, she always hit me wid the soft end o' the mop."

—When little Willie L. first heard the braying of a mule in the South, he was greatly frightened; but after thinking a minute, he smiled at his fear, saying, "Mamma, just hear that poor horse wiv the whooping-cough."—*Ex.*

—Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) in the new story "In the Clouds," which appears in the January number of the "Atlantic Monthly," makes several clever hits. An old miller in describing his family of ten boys, says their stomachs are like rat holes, "yer can't fill 'em up." He freely acknowledges that his boys are a worthless lot, but when one of them comes along holding up the hind legs of a pig which he is driving, and a by-stander remonstrates, the old man turns on the stranger with, "Be you eny relation to thet peeg?"

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says he receives such cheerful letters as the following:

"Dear Sir: Please send me your autograph. As you will not be writing autographs much longer, please attend to it at once."

—Mark Twain tells a story of some raw recruits who wanted to run. An officer told them to wait until the general came up. "Don't you s'pose we know enough to retreat without his tellin' us?" was the indignant reply.

A WAIL.

They say that I'm a sinner,
That I can't have any dinner,
(Do you think I'll be much thinner?)
Just because I took some jam.
Pretty soon I'll fill the dwelling
With the loudest kind of yelling,
And in hopes my noise of quelling
They will call me "Little lamb."

EL ABOGADO CRISTIANO ILUSTRADO.

Published Semi-Monthly in the City of Mexico.

This beautiful illustrated paper is published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the City of Mexico. It reaches every post-office in the Mexican States, is read in all the mining regions, and is one of three papers having the largest circulation in the Mexican Republic. American business houses who want to cultivate Mexican trade will find this paper a superior medium through which to reach the purchasing classes in our neighboring Republic.

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